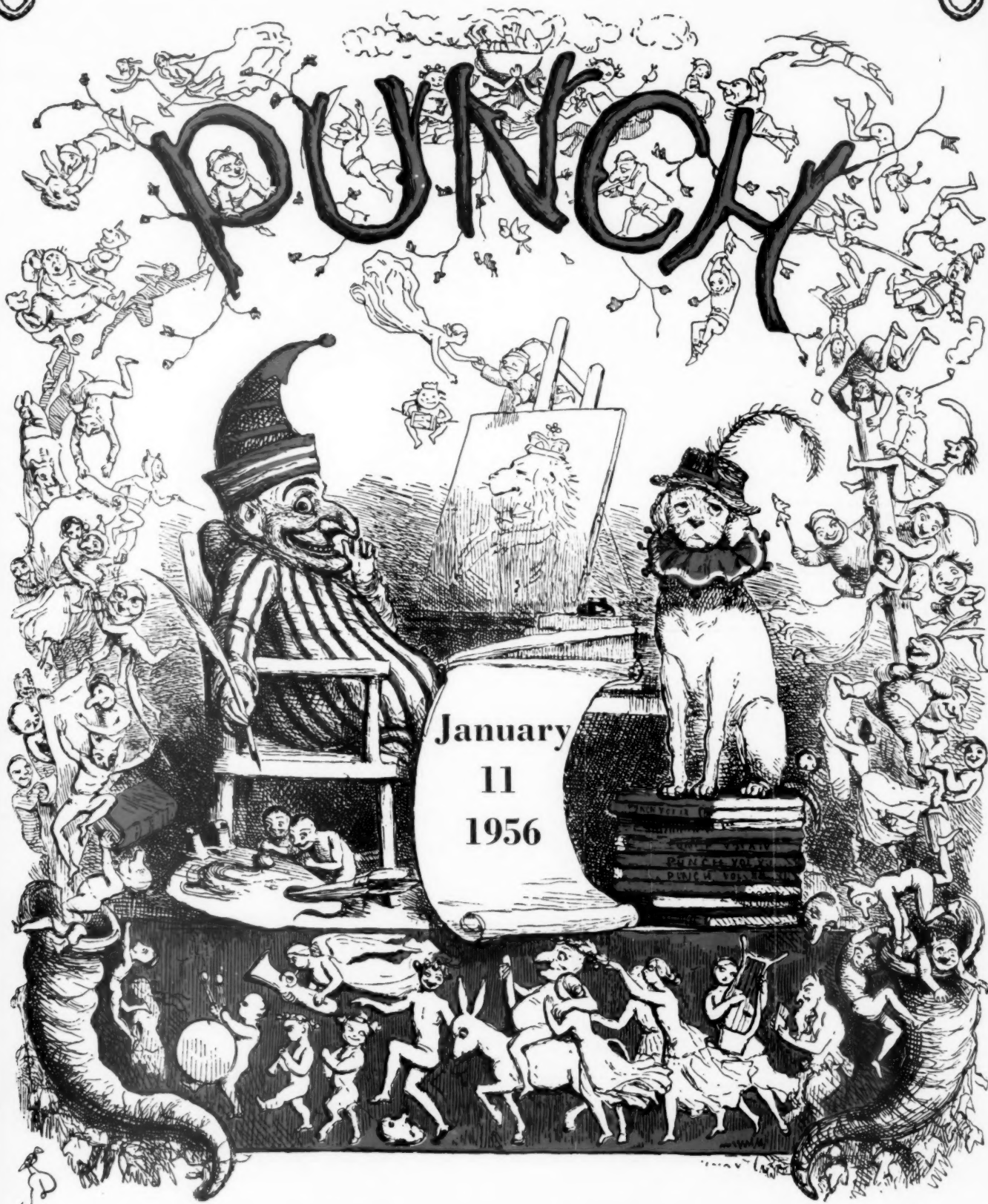


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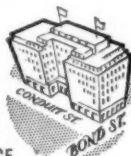


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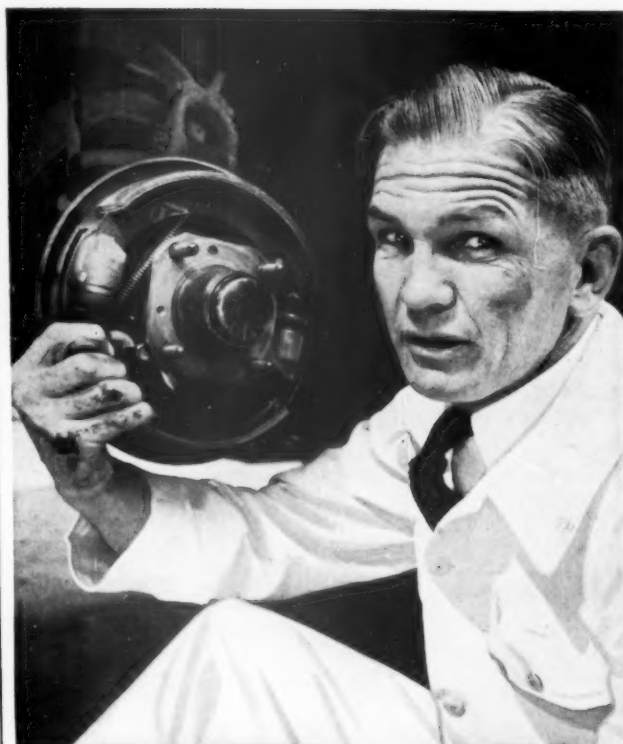


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That's the advice of a man you can trust . . . a garage man. When, eventually your brakes need re-lining, he'll use a product he can trust—Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

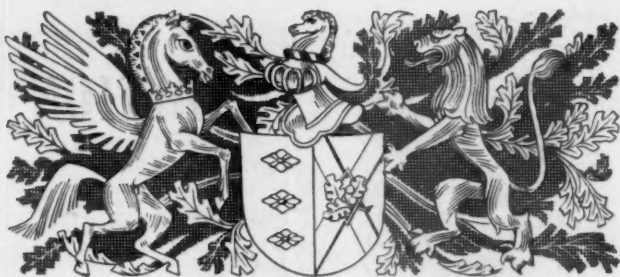
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NONDESCRIPT NOVELIST

becomes a
"regular" best-seller

Beresford is a jovial fellow, as popular as his novels that fill the lending library shelves. But some time before his last book came out, I saw him looking more like a Greek tragedy.

"What's up, old boy?" I hailed. "Can't you find the happy ending?"

"Worse, far worse," he grunted. "I've come to a complete full stop in the middle."

"A colon would be nearer the mark," I punctuated.

"How d'you mean?" he said dismally.

"I mean just what the critics keep saying—it's your middle passage that always lets you down."

"I never did follow their meaning," he complained.

"It's a long story," I said, "30 feet long, to be exact. You've got it all inside you. All your food meanders down that pipe line, and it's there that your bowel muscles go to work. Unfortunately, they can't always get to grips with the soft, starchy food we have to put up with nowadays."

"The mystery deepens. Let's see the next chapter," he said, with a flicker of interest.

"Your style gets cramped," I explained, "your character grows dull and insipid, in fact your works become constipated."

"And is there no clear line to follow?"

"Certainly there is. The clue you need is bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran, as the first course for breakfast, gives the bulk that



you need. It's a delicious food, and it makes you 'regular.'"

"Well anything's worth a try," he said none too optimistically. "If it works, perhaps I'll be cerealized."

He wandered off in search of inspiration. A week later I saw him, looking like the Choice of the Month and waving a heavy tome to attract my attention.

"Hullo," I shouted, "so you've found the solution at last."

"The perfect answer," he cried, "and the book is already dedicated to Kellogg's All-Bran, without whose regular aid this work would never have been completed."

"Proof," I murmured, and smiled.

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Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers sell it



Meet 'Butch' Bartholomew



HE'S just dropped a brick—or two or three.

It was the leaning tower of Pisa. Then the atom bomber came . . . zo—om! Now it's just another headache to Mr. & Mrs. Greenholsch in the flat below.

Just one among many.

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Facts behind the Figures

THE SOCIETY'S 105th BALANCE SHEET SHOWS THE FOLLOWING STRONG POSITION:

- Assets: Exceed £46,000,000
- Liquid Funds: Exceed £7,400,000
- 79,487 Investment Accounts with an average balance of £550
- 47,482 Mortgages with an average debt of £809

THE FOLLOWING FIGURES RELATE TO THE SOCIETY'S ACTIVITIES DURING 1955

- 9,353 Mortgage Advances were made for a total of £8,254,433
- 8,527 Mortgage Advances were for sums not exceeding £2,000
- 1,640 Mortgage Advances were made on new houses for a total of £2,959,690
- 304 Mortgage Advances were to sitting tenants at an average of £662
- Grants approved by the Board represented no more than 71 per cent. of the sum of the relevant purchase prices.
- Mortgage Balances increased by £3,317,207
- Investment Account Balances increased by £3,662,962

Est. 1850



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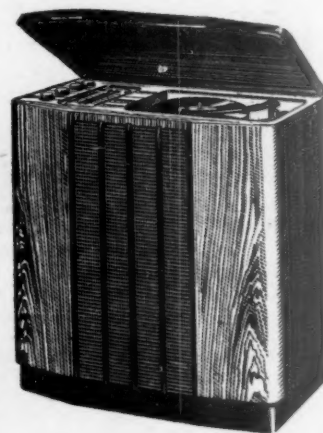
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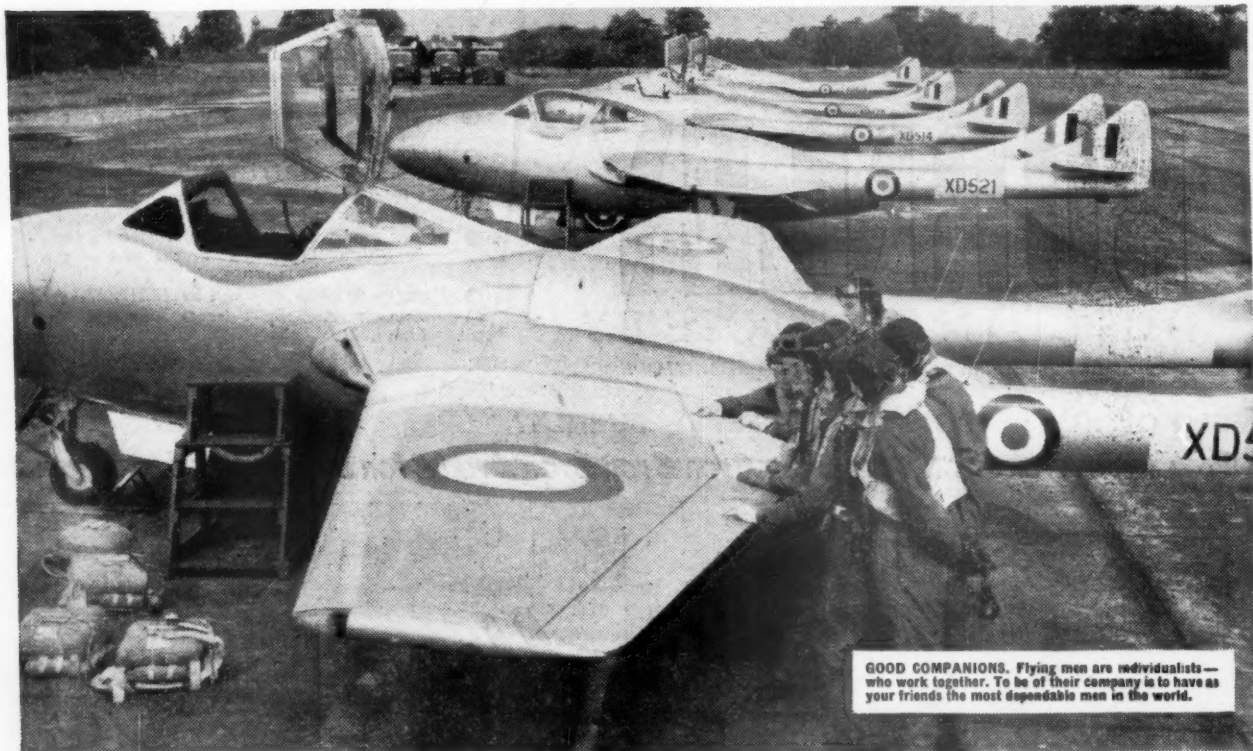
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As a pilot or a navigator, you're concerned with many more things than taking an aircraft through the sound barrier. You'll be responsible for other people, too, and even perhaps for part of our future history.

Almost certainly, you'll serve abroad, enjoying all the opportunities open to an officer in the Air Force, and acting as an ambassador for this country's way of life.



GOOD COMPANIONS. Flying men are individualists—who work together. To be of their company is to have as your friends the most dependable men in the world.

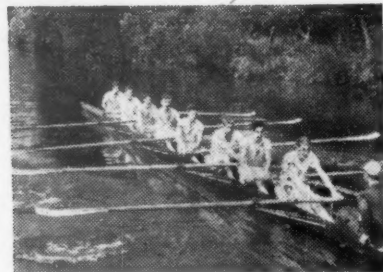
This Life is a Challenge. Life in the R.A.F. calls for men who can think for themselves and for others. It demands brains and it demands personality. If you have these qualities and can develop them further, fast, a R.A.F. career offers the chance of a lifetime. It brings more rewards in good living (and good fellowship) than you'll find anywhere outside the service—and it brings them while you're young.

Here is a great opportunity. If you are between the ages of 17½ and 26, if you're absolutely fit, and if you've passed General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate (or their equivalents), ask yourself this question: "Have I got the other qualities it takes to live this flying life to the full?" If the answer is yes, do something about it today. Details of what to do are given below.

How to Fly with the R.A.F. You can now be granted a Direct Commission as pilot or navigator for a limited period or for service right up to pension age. There are further details of these two schemes and a full description of life in the R.A.F. in Air Ministry publications, that are yours for the asking. Your first step is to write for them, stating date of birth and educational qualifications, to the Air Ministry (P.U. 304), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. They are well worth reading.



RESPONSIBILITY. Here, huskies at Resolute Bay in Canada, welcome R.A.F. aircrew en route to the North Pole . . . during a routine training flight. Their next assignment might well find them equally at home on the Equator.



AND RELAXATION. The sporting life that revolves round a R.A.F. officers' mess offers unusual opportunities. Rowing, winter sports, ice-yachting, gliding—these are some of the privileged pastimes that come within your means.



The Royal Air Force *Flying ...and a career*



CHARIVARIA

LORD MOUNTBATTEN has been awarded the Burmese order of Agga Maha Thiri Thudhamma for "services to the general happiness of mankind." Bulgarian and Khrushchev, gazing on their faded garlands, must be wondering where they went wrong.

Simple Arithmetic

STUDENTS at evening classes at a Ministry of Supply School of Electronics, said the Principal last week, are in some cases earning £500 a year more than their teachers. This seems to make more inexplicable than ever the reluctance of teachers to collect their students' savings.

Reaching for Their Pistols

CULTURE is at last being appreciated at its real worth in Britain. Mr. George Vinn, who was sentenced to two months in gaol for selling a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, had his sentence quashed on appeal, when even the prosecution allowed that "there was great literary quality" in the book. So Mr. Vinn was fined fifty pounds instead.

Playing Safe

MR. KHRUSHCHEV, addressing the Soviet Parliament, reminded the West that "while we do not want to intimidate anyone . . . the power of our newest bomb is equal to many million tons of



ordinary explosive and can be considerably increased." While "many million" is a comfortably vague figure, informed sources believe the actual

potentiality of the bomb will leave an ample margin to cover the forthcoming general reduction of Russian armaments by ten per cent already advertised.

Fire, Fire! Where, Where?

THE *Daily Sketch*, commenting on Sir Brian Robertson's three weeks' absence on holiday in Austria when they felt he ought to be at home helping to stop the collisions on British Railways, observe "When he gets back he will come under fire as heavy as any he knew when he was a general." Without meaning either to belittle Sir Brian or to crab a fine flower of speech, one feels that it ought perhaps to be pointed out that he wasn't exactly that kind of general.

Austerity

FROM HOLLYWOOD comes the report of a car fitted with a refrigerator and cocktail bar, telephone, short-wave radio, Dictaphone, water cooker, electric razor, shoe polisher, coffee-pot and



toaster. The rear seats can be converted into a comfortable bed with reading-lamps, and a collapsible dressing-room with shower attachment is stowed beneath. The snag is that it's awfully difficult to keep the staff required to operate it without television in the chauffeur's quarters.

Guaranteed to Shrink/Stretch

AFTER seeking to add to his income by working as a haberdasher's assistant the Rev. G. P. Shelley was asked to resign his post as minister of Wheatley Park Baptist Church, Doncaster. Although officials of the Doncaster Baptist Fellowship gave the explanation that Mr.

Shelley, in taking on this work, had infringed the conditions of his appointment, their real feelings were that the principles of successful salesmanship are incompatible with true Christian practice.

Birth of the Blues

WITH the University boat-race already nibbling at the news columns, the usual reports of diseases, ailments and accidents among the selected Eights



cannot be far behind. An unhappy prefiguration has already found its way into a *Times* headline: "Stroke is Oxford Problem."

Ghost Writers in the Sky

THE ghost of an airman wearing tropical kit was seen recently by a rating on board the aircraft-carrier *H.M.S. Glory*. In some ships this is regarded as a sign that within a year somebody is going to write a sensational best-seller about them.

Balance Sheet

RESIDENTS of London's most imposing block of flats, Dolphin Square, S.W., are in two minds about the arrival in their midst of the two latest headline-hitting princesses. On the one hand it has been gratifying to think that their central heating is shared by Princess Christina of Hesse and Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe in a flat just like their own, but "partly furnished by the Duke of Edinburgh with furniture from Windsor Castle." On the other, there is something upsetting about being caught in the fringes of news pictures and described as "interesting natives of Pimlico" when they have for years

given their friends to understand that they live in Westminster.

Heart of the Matter

EAST Germany's five-year economic plan ended with a balance-sheet listing official shortages of grain, fodder, oil seeds, potatoes, vegetables, pork, live-stock, milk, eggs, butter, margarine, onions, coffee, tea, sweets, chocolate and fruit. Altogether, it seems no time for the State-controlled newspapers to explain that it is all the fault of the man in the street, who lacks "political training" and doesn't understand "that socialism raises his standard of living."

Safety Hint

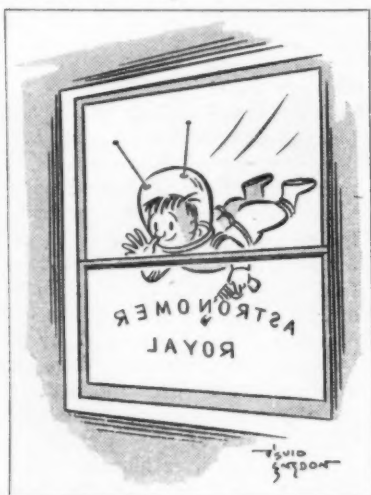
THE Lambeth magistrate told a policeman recently that "a man can be drunk in his own home." He'd better take the precaution first of putting his car where Lord Goddard won't see it, though.

Tennis, Anybody?

MONACO has frequently been referred to as a "musical comedy state"; but even a musical comedy librettist would think twice before creating a situation where a handsome young prince, in order to save his country from being swallowed up by its powerful neighbour, had to marry a beautiful film-actress whose father was a millionaire.

Church and State

ODD that it takes weeks and weeks To assemble the Cabinet one seeks, But only a couple of days to fish up A new Archbishop.



Abdul Ben Rahman

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN (may his vote increase)

Thought the emergency had better cease,
Wrote to the Communists: "I beg to state
I am quite ready to negotiate,"
And, even though he was not very partial
To his dear colleague, Mr. David Marshall,
Prince Abdul thought 'twould probably be best
To bring him in along with all the rest.
To lead the loyal Chinese who better than
That veteran well-dubbed knight, Sir Cheng Lock-tan?
Who else than they could fix things up—why, dash it—
With Chin Peng, Chen Tian and Abdul Rashit?
(The Government, thus helping all they can,
Presented to Chin Peng and Chen Tian
A liberal supply of underpants,
To keep their bottoms safe from jungle ants.)

Chin Peng, it soon appeared, was very willing
To stop being killed, less ready to stop killing—
Made clear that, though some formula be found,
He must be free to start a second round.
But, when the Communists tried getting tough,
Prince Abdul cut up reasonably rough,
And, fearing that his plans would all be undone,
Replied that he had got to go to London.

At night, as Abdul lay and racked his brains,
He saw an angel (so Leigh Hunt maintains).
"Canst thou, O vision," he asked, "by power seraphic
Somehow turn peace into a two-way traffic?"
No answer. Abdul took a second look
And noticed it was writing in a book.
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its eyebrows
And said "A comprehensive list of highbrows,
Who have not got the brains to think it matter
How much they chat or what the rot they chatter."
"And is mine one?" "Not yet," the voice replied.
"The situation must be clarified."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great flood-lit light,
The full All Fools' list to his eyes displayed,
And, lo! Prince Abdul had not made the grade.

C. H.



Oh, the brave old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again.

The Lush Life

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

THE *Sunday Express*, of course, is perfectly right. Recently, denouncing the lush lives of lawyers, it pilloried four or five leading Q.C.s who are, it seems, in shameful receipt of incomes to which no human beings, with the possible exception of crooners and obviously of newspaper proprietors, are entitled. Lawyers, it must be admitted, have it too lush. It is now possible, without the aid of leaks from the Bar Council, to give personal details of other lush lives among the legal profession—men for whom two-figure cheques are an almost annual occurrence and who may, even as this is written, be

sitting down to celebrate with half a bottle of Australian Burgundy in luxury apartments off the Finchley Road.

Take, if you can bear to, Peskett. It is certainly time Peskett was exposed. He is now about twenty-nine and was called to the Bar before the profession had been advertised as the softest racket of them all. Looking at the procession of judges passing through the Law Courts at the start of his first term, seeing the Q.C.s strolling behind them in pairs, chattering to each other, gently teasing Miss Rose Heilbron, he may almost have been fired with longing for a civilized and even occasionally useful

life. This, rather than the immediate prospect of £40,000 a year, may have led him to struggle through his examinations, with the help of a number of slim books with titles like *Potted Torts in a Nutshell* and a liverish tutor in Chancery Lane who specializes in making English Law clear to the subtle minds of Indian students. Once called to the Bar, however, Peskett was naturally after the loot and therefore had to enter chambers. It is known to be impossible to operate as a lush lawyer from a bed-sitting-room in Chelsea or any sort of temporary booth erected on the pavement in the Strand. Chambers are essential, and to obtain the entrée to one of these select establishments Peskett offered himself and the sum of fifty guineas to become a pupil for six months.

The first chambers he went to specialized in pupils. At the top of a remote staircase, up which no solicitor had climbed for a large number of years, sat an ancient clerk who welcomed Peskett with the flickered smile of an elderly toad putting out his tongue to catch a fly. He was taken in to see the head of the chambers, an old man who sat at a desk one leg of which was supported by three volumes of *Haggard's Ecclesiastical Reports*, wearing a green eye-shield and reading the obituaries in *The Times*. Around him in the gloaming sat the other pupils, a retired major who became interested in law after a court-martial in Gibraltar, a lady in glass beads who was studying to conduct her own case before a rent tribunal, and a former income tax inspector who resolved to go to the Bar after winning a modest pittance on the treble chance. On the mantelpiece, gathering soot, sat a single brief, a relic of the rush of divorce cases which were a symptom of the moral lapse immediately after the 1914 war. Apparently it had been delivered to that set of chambers by mistake and never taken away.

As one vintage brief seemed a small quantity of work for so many pupils to share, Peskett next went to the chambers of a fashionable leader. There he found five very young old Etonians all in Edwardian suits playing cricket in the passage outside the clerks' room, their wicket being kept by the startlingly



"Like any other job, I reckon: hit and miss."

beautiful débutante daughter of a County Court judge, a girl who looked, on the days when she sat listening in Court, wistfully appealing in a winged collar. As the leader's practice seemed unlikely to devolve on any of these sporting pupils, and as even if it did Peskett would find himself last in line after the débutante, he moved to his present chambers. There he shares a small room, about three foot by five, with two men of his own age and a retired Iraqi Judge who luckily, for he is a bulky man, never comes in. He has finished his pupillage and now has a practice of his own. His fee is frequently three guineas, for which he usually travels at least once to a remote Magistrates' Court before the case is reached and then twice more because there never seems to be time to hear all Peskett's cases in one day. Once, when the head of his chambers caught cold, Peskett took over a fifty-guinea brief which so turned his head with success that he got married. At least in time for the christening of his second child the fifty guineas is liable to be paid. He discusses all his cases with his wife, does a lot of work as a poor man's lawyer for nothing, and reads, at week-ends, plaintive letters from his bank manager about the unfortunate results of the Government's economic policy. He is, in a curious way, not discontented.

Peskett, it may be said, is not typical. He hasn't really got established in the butter and egg existence of the Bar. Look, then, at two other capitalists, Hampton and Fender-Jones. Hampton, at sixty-four, has a good junior practice on the Western circuit. It is quite true that he spends most of his week-ends on the train to or from Weston-super-Mare, which makes him rather tired. It is also true that when he defends a murderer at Bodmin, which he does extremely well, his fee from the State doesn't quite cover the cost of his hotel and leaves him slightly out of pocket on his railway fare. Extravagantly having sent his three sons to public schools, he has spent most of the lush fees he ever had and, without a pension, looks forward to working until, changing at Bristol very late one night, he drops dead. Curiously enough his three sons have all got jobs in the City where, on their short journeys to the West End, they eat on expense accounts and retire at fifty-one.



"When he grows up he's going to halt inflation."

Finally, for a man at the top, take Fender-Jones. Painstaking and thorough, he was so over-worked at the Junior Bar that, late in middle age, he posted an exhausted application to the Lord Chancellor for Silk. The Lord Chancellor, a malignant fairy, granted this foolish request. Fender-Jones bought a full-bottomed wig and, for some reason he can never understand, his clients vanished like shadows from the day he put it on. He has now been for years quite unoccupied. He comes into his chambers every day and is always ready to discuss anyone else's cases or help them by looking up the law. Every day he has lunch with the benchers of his Inn. Tactfully they never ask him about his practice. He has taken to drinking Cyprus wine instead of port after

dinner; he hopes that if he drinks enough of it it may do him in before his small capital is exhausted.

Well, there you are—Peskett, Hampton and Fender-Jones. If they read this article they may feel ashamed of living so well out of a job they find, in spite of everything, has an endless and ever-changing fascination. Or they may, more wisely, decide to give it all up for a lush life on the *Sunday Express*.

Everywhere Bureaucracy

"Tripoli, Saturday. The Federal Government committee for locusts are invading Libya and the country may in four months be facing one of the biggest invasion on record."—*Times of Cyprus*

Some Flow'rets of Eden

By B. A. YOUNG

"WHAT we wish above all for the coming year is never to pronounce the words *war, battle, combat and victims*." (Sir Anthony Eden).

"Will this do, Minister? It's your speech inaugurating the new campaign against swollen-shoot in cocoa-trees."

"Sit down, Fred, I'll just have a look . . . Hm, yes . . . oh, dear . . . No, I'm afraid this is quite on the wrong lines."

"But you wanted a fighting speech, Minister."

"Yes, indeed, but it's a matter of policy. 'The all-out war against diseased cocoa-trees which we have carried on over the past few years is now entering, I hope, into its final phase. Growers who have had to destroy valuable crops may, I realize, have felt themselves the victims of bureaucratic lack of imagination, but I think we all realize that here in Africa we wage a ceaseless battle against the mighty forces of Nature, and we must combat them by every means at our disposal.' My dear Fred, how can I possibly say that?"

"I thought it a rather telling passage, Minister."

"Telling, yes, but after the P.M.'s New Year message it simply isn't on, is it?"

"I'm afraid, Minister, I didn't read Sir Anthony's message with as much care as perhaps I should."

"Well, I have it here somewhere. Yes, here it is. He doesn't think we should have to pronounce the words *war, battle, combat and victims*."

"Oh."

"So will you try and have some second thoughts, Fred?"

"Well, how would this do, Minister? 'The match against diseased cocoa-trees is now entering into its last round. Growers who have had to destroy crops may have felt hit below the belt by bureaucratic lack of imagination, but here in Africa we play a ceaseless game against the well-trained teams of Nature, and we must box them as cleverly as we know how.'"

"Excellent, Fred, excellent. I think the P.M. will like that."

We will now sing hymn number one hundred and thirty-five, "The speech is o'er, the session done."

KING HENRY:

Once more unto your seats, dear friends, once more;

Or hold the session up with our English charm!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility;

But when the sound of talks blows in your ears

Then imitate the action of the lapdog;

Relax the sinews, summon up the smile, Disguise hard nature with fair-favour'd ease;

Then lend the eye a moderate aspect; Let it beam through th' aquarium of the head

Like a dead codfish; let the chin disown it . . .

For there is none of you so mean and base

That hath not peaceful starlight in your eyes.

I see you stand like fielders in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:

Follow your spirit straight as any plummet

And cry hooray for meetings at the summit!

MBOMBÉ, Monday

The negotiations with the Bau Wau took a new turn last night when an armed mob broke into the house of a doctor here and massacred the entire household.

The doctor was able to give the alarm before being dragged away from the telephone and engaged in mortal argument by assailants armed with pangas.

Police armed with rifles and Bren guns were soon on the scene and a pitched conference followed, ranging over several square miles, in which casualties were claimed by both sides.

The bodies of the British representatives were savagely mutilated before being stripped of all their possessions.

Hunting is the image of diplomacy without its innocence, and only twenty-five per cent of its danger.

(Mr. Anthony Nitting)

"Visits in the afternoon—including the new Guildford cathedral—were followed by a tea provided by the Mayor. The meeting took place in the Guildhall in a chamber apparently fully furnished for legal proceedings; but this did not cramp the style of the speakers in any way. Mr. Smith, speaking on 'Publicity and Display' was as lively and forthright as we expect him to be; Mr. Bill conjured up figures to prove that 'The other 75 per cent' was not 75 per cent at all; and Mr. McColvin told us 'What the A.A.L. is doing.'"

All this, needless to say, provoked abundant discussion."

The London Librarian

It did?





"... to plough and sow
And reap and mow
And be a farmer's bo-o-o-oy
And be a farmer's boy."

Fishers of Men

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

LAST Sunday evening saw what is probably the most unsordid act in entertainment history, the inauguration of a series of religious programmes on Channel 9. Those responsible in the planning department of the Independent Television Authority who conceived the project and forced it through, no doubt in the bared teeth of more material-minded colleagues, have earned the gratitude of Christian viewers everywhere. Their names will be recorded on a more glorious page than this.

But the consequences of a good deed can sometimes be more testing than the deed itself. These men must be prepared for harsh and unjust criticism. There will not be lacking, in press, pulpit and pub, those who will charge them with hypocrisy; worse, with the exploitation of the human spirit for gain. It will be said that, despite the freedom of advertising matter from the programme itself, its only motive can be the shrewd mopping-up of hitherto resisting viewer-pockets, in the confidence that the flickering screen will continue to hypnotize after the last text has been intoned, and that the enthralled proselytes will stay switched on for "Sunday Night at the Palladium" and its interpolated blandishments from the brewers,

druggists and pool-promoters. This and much more will be said. Let them say. Who shall escape calumny?

But another point, in any case, arises. It may be that this small band of godly men at Princes Gate, though seeking only a harvest of souls, may in fact reap an unsought harvest: a barnful of golden grain. It should be remembered that the Church and the cheque-book are not utter incompatibles, as any tenant of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners knows well. Nor, to bear more closely on the point, are advertising and evangelism. Only a few short weeks ago (recently enough, indeed, for the calumniator to point to its significance) the two worlds found themselves snugly *en rapport*: the *Advertiser's Weekly* printed a four-page Religious Press Survey which embodied, in the odd push-pull idiom familiar to that paper's readers, advertisements by many religious periodicals advertising their indispensability as advertising media. The copy was frankly down-to-earth. "Time and again the pulling power of *The Jewish Chronicle* has proved its worth." "Why not include *The Church Times* in your next appropriation?" "Your announcements MUST appear in *The English Churchman*." Claiming the largest circulation of any Religious Publication, *Home Words* recommended itself as "a proved advertising medium for domestic appliances, household products, foods, drinks, etc." Subscribers to *The Tablet*, hinted a tasteful panel, were "largely of the higher income group." *The Christian World* was "read by thousands of well-to-do Free Church folk." Nor was the Survey itself any less enticing, with its encouraging references to free-spending deacons and churchwardens and others in influential positions when it came to ordering new supplies of velvet-lined collection-bags, organ-lofts or litany-desks.

At the risk of injuring the spiritual susceptibilities of those I.T.A. planners, therefore, it must be asked why, if gospel propagation and secular publicity can enjoy peaceful co-existence on the printed page, they should not lie down together in the spoken word and televised image? It could begin discreetly enough, with a mere fading-out

of the organ voluntary to admit a quiet voice saying "Get your hassocks at Hacketts. Hacketts for hard-wearing hassocks." Once the home worshipping circle had accepted this, the plan could be gradually expanded to include products not strictly ecclesiastical, such as patent draught-excluders for old rectories, or handle-bar baskets for the church-worker's bicycle. Subtly, and with offence to none, advertising could become as much a part of religious viewing as of religious reading. Sought or unsought, Sir Kenneth Clark's missionary band would have a double reward: not only an extension of the Kingdom, but a providential stiffening of the Authority's balance sheet.

There is one last point to be made. It has long been argued that the Church lives too much to itself, has lost touch with the realities of modern life. This may be the grand opportunity, at last, to leaven the spiritual with the material, to the mutual benefit of Church and laity. Churchmen in the United States have already recognized the advantages of such a system, as was made clear in a recent American dispatch under the headline "A comic prays in 100 million homes"—a reference to a well-loved American television comedian who, in the middle of his programme "stops to count his blessings and thank God for them."

As usual, we have been behindhand on this side of the Atlantic. Religious interludes are not yet a part of our evening's entertainment, except for the occasional pioneer band-leader who gives us a "God bless you" with his good-night leer. But in time it will come. This is the beginning. It will soon seem an accepted commonplace for the ventriloquist's dummy to lead us quaveringly through "Rock of Ages"; for the comedy conjurer, suddenly grave, to glide from the egg-bag trick into the Beatitudes.



"... and I would especially like to draw your attention to number thirty-seven, sub-section c, paragraph three, which reads, in part ..."

"LARGE UNFURNISHED FLAT REQUIRED BY ABSENT HEALER"

Notice in Fulham Road

Suitable for sub-letting.





"We'll have to stop meeting like this. My insurance company's getting suspicious."

Love, Breath and Circumstances

By INEZ HOLDEN

AS soon as my American friends, Eddie and Amanda Bergstrom, moved into their English country house they invited me to stay.

"Until we've got the place fixed up we're only picnicking," Eddie said. "But at least you'll be able to laze around just resting and reading."

I thanked them and said how well I remembered their wonderful library in America.

"Eddie and I just couldn't breathe without books," Amanda said. "So we're having quite a few of them sent over here."

The Bergstroms did not appear to be picnicking but rather to be living in luxury. There was, however, very little chance of rest because the nearby aerodrome was putting on practice

exercises for a forthcoming Air Display. And, in the whole house, there was nothing to read.

"Eddie will be mad when he gets home this evening to find those crates of books haven't arrived yet," Amanda told me. "Maybe I can buy some books in the village—paper-backs or something, to tide us over."

At dinner that evening Amanda said she had found a book in the village stores on a high shelf lurking behind the aspirins, reels of cotton and curtain rings. "It is called *Love Letters*," she said. "Reduced from four-and-six to ninepence because the first few pages are missing."

Eddie said that Amanda having found this symposium of love letters was "quite a coincidence" because only

that afternoon during his lecture on sixteenth-century prose he had spoken about the love letters of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn. "I guess they'll be quoted in that book."

Amanda had decided not to open the book until we were all sitting round the fire in the drawing room with the Regency furniture, the Impressionist paintings and the empty bookshelves. But as soon as the tray of drinks was brought in she began.

"This could not strictly be termed advice to the love-lorn, because no lover need be lorn if only he, or she, is prepared to pen the correct kind of love letters."

The great wooden horn of the gramophone seemed, like a giant ear, to be listening to our conversation, and

indeed it was all we could expect from the gramophone, because the records had been lost with the crate of books.

"Shall I go on?" Amanda asked.

"Sure. Go ahead," Eddie said. "It's the only book we've got."

"Love letters should be couched in colloquial rather than classical style," she read, "'with especial care in the choice of suitable commencements and endings.'"

"I think I'll have a highball," Eddie said. "Brandy for the girls?"

We accepted the drinks and Amanda said: "Here are what they call some suitable commencements: 'Cheerio, Cherub — Hullo, Honeybunch — My Hero—My Sparkling Gem' and the endings 'Good-bye, Sweetie Pie—I remain yours (very) Sincerely, Madly in love with my Princess (Prince) Charming'—and 'Nighty night.' The next section is headed 'How to strengthen a friendship.' The first one is from 'a lady to a new acquaintance to whom she is attuned.'"

"And he is not attuned to her, I suppose," Eddie remarked in an aggressive tone. "Or perhaps not aware that he is attuned."

"Dear Mr. de Combat," Amanda read, "'we are having a small gathering of friends here on (space for when) at (space for where). Please do not fail us as we shall be counting on your presence, Yours sincerely Cecily Sopworth.' The footnote says 'This may well serve to encourage a friendship without, in any way, stamping the lady as "forward."'"

"It does too," Eddie said. "Cecily Sopworth is simply trying to fence the guy in by telling him that she is counting on his presence, and I don't trust that 'we' either. I bet when he gets there he'll find Cecily Sopworth alone. I should be real scared if I got a letter like that from a girl."

"I daresay you would, but it's no credit to you," Amanda gave Eddie a contemptuous stare over the rim of her brandy glass. "I've always thought your attitude towards women most neurotic. Now we come to the 'Absent Lover Situation.' 'Women have few opportunities for expressing their affections.'"

"They have plenty," Eddie said.

"We know that," Amanda answered. "I'm only reading what it says in this book. Cecily Sopworth is on holiday now. 'What is the use of this veritable

paradise and these myriad beauty spots when the man on whom my affections are centred—I mean you—is not by my side?' and later she writes again: 'Having regard to the fact that I have not heard from you recently I sincerely hope that nothing untoward has occurred.'"

"What could be more untoward than Cecily Sopworth herself," Eddie said spitefully. He took the book from Amanda and began turning over the dog-eared pages: "'Requests that attentions should cease,'" he read. "These letters are all from women."

"So I should hope," Amanda said.

"I don't see why after what we have observed of Cecily Sopworth's tactics. Here's Grace Bristow writing to Mr. Rodney Lesolent: 'On more than one occasion I have had cause to complain of your attentions.' Mr. Lesolent sounds quite a guy. I admire him."

"You would," Amanda said, "since you have always confused aggression with affection."

"Isn't it odd the way people's lives seem to follow the same pattern? Quite soon we have Grace Bristow's father writing to another man, Basil Champion, 'My daughter has discussed with me the question of your unwelcome overtures. Under the circumstances I must ask

you,' Mr. Bristow writes, 'to refrain from seeing my daughter, give a solemn pledge that nothing of the kind will occur again or write a letter of apology.' It's absurd really when one thinks that only a short time ago Cecily Sopworth was writing to Mr. de Combat to tell him that he mustn't fail her."

"But that's quite a different case. Unless you believe in collective guilt."

"Why no," Eddie put the book down.

Amanda opened it. "Here's one for after a quarrel," she said.

"From Cecily Sopworth?" Eddie asked.

"No, it's from Harry Sprigg to Trixie Griffin. 'What a fool I am and I admit it is all my fault, but if you'll be the little angel you really are and meet me at the Rendez Vous Café to-morrow I am sure we shall soon forget that we ever had words.' Another footnote here: 'By substituting a more suitable phrase for "little angel" this letter could equally well be written by a lady to a gentleman.'"

"It couldn't either," Eddie said as he took the book back from Amanda. "Now we come to proposals. What a lot of difference there seems to be between being engaged and being what they call admirers."

"Of course," Amanda said. "That's



"It knew too much!"



quite customary in the culture pattern of a particular income and occupational group over here. Why, Mrs. Meredith was telling about her daughter Doris the other day; her engagement was broken off to young Ted at the garage and it was quite a scandal. Because an engagement is like a kind of engagement plus."

Eddie gave Amanda a look charged with hatred. "'From Cecily Sopworth,'" he read, "'in answer to a proposal from Mr. de Combat. A thousand thanks for yours to hand. I think you know how much I have appreciated your company and the supreme interest I have always taken in all your actions, but let us not decide, dear Harold, to become engaged until another year has gone by. Then perhaps I shall be proud to give you the answer you desire and to wear your ring. But in the meantime let us continue to be the happy admirers we have been for these last four halcyon years.' Well, now poor Harold de Combat has got another year of Cecily Sopworth taking a supreme interest in all his actions. Ah, but here is a letter from Harold de Combat after he has become engaged. 'Dear Cecily, You have always captivated me with your teasing smile and your provocative manner, but would this form the basis for a stable life if we were to be united for ever? The truth, dear Cecily, is that I have been tormented by doubts.' Better than being tormented by Cecily Sopworth, I should say. He ends with the words 'I fully realize that you have ample cause to be angry with me.'"

"So do I," Amanda said.

"My dear Amanda, if Harold de

Combat married Cecily Sopworth his life wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on. 'All this time I have been dreaming of the happy days we were, apparently, to spend together in our own little home in the country.'"

"We are, apparently, spending happy days together in our own little home in the country."

"I don't mean us, you dope, I was reading Cecily Sopworth's answer to Harold de Combat. 'Even if this is never now to be, don't deprive me of your friendship,' she writes. Now here are some examples of what guys can write when they are asked their intentions. William Twist says 'It is not easy to make a good living nowadays, and as I have always thought that only the best was good enough for Betty I am hesitating to say anything to her until I see some sign of things taking a more favourable turn in the commercial world.' He's writing to Betty's father, by the way."

"Just stringing Betty along, the heel," Amanda said. "I'd be willing to bet any amount that this book was written by a man."

"And I'd be willing to bet the same amount that a woman wrote it."

The cold war between the Bergstroms had ceased to be cold. They had gone from reading aloud to shouting aloud, and I wondered if they would finally come to blows.

"Here's another letter from William Twist," Eddie said. "'I am amazed at the misunderstanding which has evidently arisen, as I have always treated your daughter as a gentleman should treat a lady. I need only add that



I am not in a position to marry and do not contemplate taking such a step with anyone at present."

"I bet he's married already," Amanda said. "Do you still believe that this book was written by a woman?"

"Certainly I do."

Amanda took the book from Eddie and began turning the pages back. "Eddie Bergstrom," she said suddenly, "these letters from Harold de Combat giving Cecily Sopworth the brush-off just don't exist."

"They do too."

"But they're from Cyril Lanchester to Florrie Cantor."

"I know, but I thought it better to stick to the old names you knew rather than confuse you with a whole lot of new names."

When I reached my room my friends were still quarrelling downstairs—arguing about whether the book had been written by a man or a woman. Amanda was still saying how much she resented Eddie identifying her with Cecily Sopworth, and overhead the aeroplanes still circled round and round in mock battle.

In the morning when Mrs. Meredith brought my breakfast up she told me about the broken engagement of her daughter Doris. "It was after a quarrel," she said. "Ted and Doris wrote each other the same letter because they both happened to have the same book giving them examples of love letters for different circumstances. By all accounts the book was written by a man and woman in partnership, so you would have thought that they'd have had the sense to point out that pitfall for

a start. Ted burnt his copy, but Doris, being careful, took hers to the village store and got something back on it."

During the afternoon the lost crates came in and the Bergstroms spent the evening unpacking and arranging the books on the shelves.

Although they both said, several times, that they could not breathe without books, they did not show any desire to read. My friend Eddie Bergstrom was becoming somewhat melancholy, and Amanda, the trained sociologist, appeared to be sinking into apathy so that I wondered if, when all the bookshelves were full, they would go back themselves to quarrelling over the strange loves and circumstances of Grace Bristow, Basil Champion, Trixie Griffin, Mr. Rodney Lesolent, Harold de Combat and Cecily Sopworth.



Sunday Observance

SUNDAY afternoon, and the votary rejoices;
Whispers in the dark from the ranks of the devout;
"Shush!" says somebody—down go the voices,
Up goes the tension as the lights flicker out.
Eager are the sighs that escape from the faithful,
Eager are the eyes for a symbol, a sign;
Eager are the ears, and the minds are attentive;
Brisk are the brains. The exception is mine.

It's the sixth time I've seen *Caligari*;
I've boarded *Potemkin* before;
Birth of a Nation's a long operation,
But must I be midwife once more?
Intolerance makes me intolerant,
Turksib is a tedious train—
I grant you that *Greed* is impressive, but need
I sit through the whole thing again?
I've seen quite enough of the savage
(*Tabu* and *Moana* and such),
And though Maxim Gorki's a theme for a talkie,
A trilogy's frankly too much.
To Pabst I addressed panegyrics
And Eisenstein's praises I sang—
But now I have no time for Erich von Stroheim,
And little for Lubitsch or Lang.

Sunday afternoon, and the Film Club is meeting;
"Cinema's an Art" is the credo they profess:
"But," says somebody—then starts repeating
Cracks from the critics in the Sunday press.
Members are aware of the cutting and the lighting,
Members are aware what a film should be;
Even the tenth time they find it exciting—
Nobody's bored. The exception is me.

ANTHONY BRODE



ALL IN A FOG

THE placard says—I can just read it across the street—Fog. Dear old newspapers, how they do pad after! To the commuters in trains arriving late they breathe the tidings, Trains Late; Big Hold-up can't be far off, to be followed by Road and Rail Chaos; and but for all this, it might have been Baronet's Niece Questioned.

Next to the paper-seller, who keeps up his own brand of news (Six Months to the Derby, and so on), are two old men waiting to clean shoes. The elder has waited fifty years. They kneel side by side under the station gate-post, once rivals, now united in a decline that is also that of their calling. Old scarlet coats, black caps, soldierly gear. But what custom? Fog must descend on them as rain on window-cleaners. Not to-day the surprised American, standing instead of sitting, nor that foggy from Meopham who *will* have his toes sparkle; though I suppose there may always be some clopper over fields in the dawn, only now—thanks to Engine Hits Buffers?—arrived, halting, putting out his foot, and looking as though shoe-shine were his element.

Other ingredients of the scene are the shop-lights (which come on at the least provocation), three schoolgirls with scarves over their mouths, a horse steaming, a member of the Carlton Club (so he seems) visibly snorting, and a tray of doughnuts left for some moments in the raw air to acquire just that flavour which the connoisseur will require; as, one is told, a chef will breathe garlic over the soup.

And the fog's nothing—not enough to sneeze at—a mere pretty-flying, a taking-off of the edges . . .

Long ago, by a park walk, was lit the bonfire that started the idea. Leaf-smoke, meandering, changed the trunks blue. We were touched, incredulous.

Autumn? Couldn't be! Yet with a hundred more bonfires, a few morning mists and sunset sulks, there it was. Oysters and partridges trooped in, crumpets, a Lord Mayor—everything. Then, with a bang, Guy Fawkes: the whiff of gunpowder, the fumigation of old sites, settled it. After that we had the usual samples of fogs white and yellow, old masters, eclipses, prowling succubæ—though nothing that could be called real snuff.

It's so charming in its earlier stages. A lamp-post has been influenced by Tung Yuan. Look, too, at that bobby in his white coat, those chrysanthemums drooping . . .

Smog—how we love to frighten ourselves with a word! Smog breeds neurosis, smog invites White Papers and Gallup Polls, smog takes the rap for cancer, gives the day in bed when we're tired of 'flu, and people even go to a chemist to buy smog-masks, though not—in my experience—to wear them.

And what is smog? Fog round fog.

I don't know that I'd go so far as the Preservation of London Society which in a report just issued argues that without fog London would lose half its attraction and two-thirds of its tourist traffic. Strindberg, it seems, in mid-July met a dense fog in Trafalgar Square; but then, if London was London, was not Strindberg Strindberg? However, there is no contending the assertion that "for many neighbourhoods—Victoria Street, for example, and Draytonia—the only solution would seem to be a permanent obfuscation."

Give me at this moment the Embankment with its lamps, desolately, one by one coming into view; the lamplighter—should the occasion demand—woggling along on his bike with a drum-major flourish; the Battersea Power Station across the waters puffing its hardest; at my back the traffic—that traffic usually herding by to affright the walker—reduced now to a panting crawl; and

half a suspension bridge to sign the miracle.

Or, of course, there's quite a lot to be said for the fug indoors matching fog without.

One ghostly afternoon we found ourselves, Pat and I, miles from nowhere—that's to say, from the Essex market-town whither, I suppose, some phase of house-hunting had driven us. The genuine old cottage had no roof but a view. This at the moment was exquisite: a twisty gate, a tree, a cartwheel amid bright nothing. But walking into eternity we came on a new council estate.

Back we trudged, and at last began to meet loiterers (queer, these East Anglians!), one sitting on a damp log who raised his hat.

The town itself was no longer visible, but voices drew us to a lighted doorway, and inside, seated at tables, were a number of elderly persons, all cheerful and all eating or rather sucking ice-cream sodas. "Ice-cream soda?" asked the man behind the counter. He had the look of a scarred publican. There seemed no choice so we sucked ice-cream, while all round us the straws gurgled and fog trickled at our back. "Nice day!" called an old man tapping his glass. We smiled. Everyone smiled. "Bit touched," said the proprietor, smiling himself, lopsidedly. When we decently could we paid; we slipped out to feel our way along the high red-brick walls that had been gradually dawning—and to lose it again looking for the station . . .

Those childhood fogs . . .

Do they grow wickeder as the summer afternoons sweeten? I don't think I have multiplied the three-days fog with the street lamps, lit invisibly, all the while. After the first day, no one went out or came in. Drip, drip. An unseen bird might flurry the bushes, a horse stamp. At last came the scrape of the gate, steps, a knock; the door was just opened; it was the postman, lamp



hitched to belt; there were muffled voices, my father's "Louisa, shut the door!" We heard of acetylene flares, toppers abandoned, lost dogs, heroic trams; people crawled round the square, and I remember my mother being much affected by the story of one who, seeming less helpless than others, acted as guide: he was blind. Was it, I wondered, the blind seaman who stood

outside the bank selling kettle-holders and muttered after we had passed? I hoped not, for the thought of his being at large, and stalking up to the window to *look in*, was terrifying. Then daylight returned, and how shabby everything was!

I don't think, as I say, this is piled on, because we had a simple test: could the street lamp be seen five yards away?

During a pea-souper it couldn't. Not by me, anyway.

* * * * *

The fog, like a plot, thickens.

The old boot-boys have either packed up or been smudged out. Lunch-edition has gone for lunch. But even now I can make out lights 200 yards away. I sniff, I puff a cigarette—with some steam in it—and slink on. G. W. STONIER



How I Nearly Became a Star

By ANTHONY CARSON

LONG ago I left New Zealand and came back to England, smelling slightly of sheep, and gazed with utter bewilderment at the dying 'twenties. People were being terribly bitter, terribly gay, terribly clever and I didn't know what it was all about. I had been with too many horses and Australia is too empty and enormous to have such subtle significances. My brother, six years older than myself, was bang in the middle of it, bitter, gay and clever, and he tried to incorporate me into the savage tinsel, but soon he came to the conclusion that I didn't fit. It was like trying to introduce a kangaroo into a Kensington night-club.

My family had lost most of their money in the Wall Street slump, so it wasn't possible to send me back. However, after trying to be bitter, gay and clever, and not finding any suitable work ("You should go back to the Colonies") I bought a bicycle, shipped it on to St. Malo and began to bicycle to Spain. My allowance was ten shillings a week. I had a sleeping-bag and cooking equipment, and bought simple food as I went along. When I reached the

Spanish frontier a hot barbaric wind blew in my face, there was a distant sound of drums and a smell of crude olive oil. I have never forgotten it since. By the time I reached Madrid I heard there was a revolution. "Where is the revolution?" I asked in village after village. "Further South," they said, pointing. One morning I knew I had arrived in the South. The buildings looped, the arches curved, the cats and dogs were all asleep, and the girls were singing like fairies by the fountain. I entered an inn and waited hours for lunch, swallowing flies. Finally a lovely slattern came in and threw bread, wine and a dreadful omelet on the table. "Where's the revolution?" I asked. "We've had it," the lovely slattern cried proudly. "All my brothers were in it and they shot people. It was like a Feast day. Now it is further South."

I never really came across the revolution, except possibly when a very courteous man was showing me around a cathedral. "Here is the exquisite rose window," he said, "and this is a perfect Gothic arch. Note the plateresque on the walls and the Murillo over the

altar." When we walked outside the church I could see flames coming out of the roof. "But the church is on fire," I cried. "That has nothing to do with me," said my guide. "I wished to show you our amazing cemetery."

After visiting the Feria in Seville I made north again and pedalled for France. There were a few adventures. I was arrested, released, and discovered a cave colony of dwarfs near Valencia. I never saw the dwarfs but found a minute donkey in a miniature chalk manger chewing hay. Once over the frontier I made for Nice. I decided to stay there.

This meant looking for work. But it was not easy to find. One day, sunbathing on the beach, I met a film director who offered me a small part in a film about Arabs. "Silly-ass rôle," he said. "Topee, eye-glass and cigar." I went to the studio, was made up and given some dialogue. "Jolly decent show, old bean, what?" was what I was asked to contribute to the Arab film. It was only the kind-heartedness of the director. For three weeks afterwards I kept turning up as a camel-attendant, my face blacked by cocoa. "Keep away

from the camera," said the film director, "you'll last till the end of the film." After that I was a gardener, a gendarme, and a corpse. I collected my money and wandered away to Juan-les-Pins where I became a swimming instructor at an extremely smart yacht club. It was a pleasant enough life until, with the barbarity of fate, I developed terrible toothache and had to remove myself to Nice.

I was back on the beach. The sun shone, the sea glittered, and life was a long open book without any definable prospect. I drifted back to the Russians and fell impossibly in love with a beautiful young girl called Ekaterina Nina Popolski. She always sat beside me knitting. "For whom are you knitting?" I would ask. "He is far away," she would reply, and give a deep sigh. I would try to tell her about my ambitions, but she always seemed buried in her knitting, her delicious face obscured by wool. "Life is sad," she would say, "but we must be grateful for the sun shining and the waves playing." "You are very beautiful," I would say. "Alas," she replied. The woollen garments grew longer and

longer, and I terribly wanted to eat. She had many brothers who gave me soup, and I am sure they felt very sorry for me. I met Grand Dukes and Archdukes and Princes and Barons and Generals, some of whom drove taxis up and down the Promenade des Anglais or waited on millionaires in the grand hotels, and I met other Russian girls, but none as beautiful as Ekaterina Nina Popolski. Finally her wool ran out and she actually kissed me. I moved to another part of the beach, near an establishment called the Grand Bleu.

It was here that I met Gloria. She was a blonde nearly-young American woman of such dynamism that the tideless waves struggled to get farther up the beach. She was surrounded by a group of men whom I knew to be, like myself, the flotsam of Nice, cast up, for one reason or another, on this brittle shore of chancy pleasure. There were a couple of drunkards, a drugged remittance man and a few unemployables, besides a number of strikingly pretty girls who, in those far-off times, used to turn up in any nook or cranny of the Riviera to sift possibilities. Gloria Raven had been married about

five times, but, like so many American women, had lost none of her enthusiasm. "I just love men," she said to me simply, "but I have a greater love and that is the theatre." She explained to me that she was launching an Anglo-French repertory company, and that all the people sitting around her trembling in the suburbs of delirium tremens constituted her company. "Anybody is potential," she said, looking at me with her elemental blaze. "Anybody is a great natural actor. Anybody is a potential liver who can integrate himself with the great give-and-take of existence. Join us. Fame may be around the corner." "I will join you," I said. "Is there any chance of a sandwich?"

As it was, we lived on sandwiches while we rehearsed *The Ideal Husband*. Gloria's production technique was founded on her deep sexual experience and modern American theatre workshop innovations. "Go back behind the lines," she cried. "Lines don't matter. Start acting five minutes before your entrance cue. Take an imaginary bath, an imaginary taxi, and never stop thinking sex. Sex, sex, sex, it's there behind all the dialogue, thank God." In



"Five hundred and thirty-five pounds ten shillings to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, two hundred and thirty-five pounds to the Surtax people, and ten pounds made payable to M. Poujade."

no time at all she had the dipso-maniacs trembling like whipped dogs, and the pretty girls crying through the curtains of their pale lusts. "Yo-all need aphrodisiacs," she cried. Whenever there was a love scene she jumped up and down in the auditorium. "Mean it," she shouted. "Or away and mean it and then come back." But there were not enough sandwiches. So Gloria met some millionaires and impresarios and managed to hire the Meditairanée for one night. Her energy was astounding. In some way we all came to life, and we thought back behind the lines, and meant sex, and actually gave a performance which was reported in the *Eclaireur de Nice*. "Very tasteful indeed," it said. "A perfect example of gentlemanly control."

The next day we were called for a conference. Some of us had managed to acquire rather terrible new suits, and there was the sign of hair-cuts and regeneration. But, except for the pretty girls, we were quite a dreadful crew. "We are all going to Paris," said Gloria, who had suddenly acquired a fur coat and a Long Island look. "I have met someone who is interested in starting an Anglo-French Dramatic centre. We will have our own theatre, club and so on, and hold conferences and art exhibitions."

We all travelled to Paris the next day and stayed in tiny insanitary hotels, four to a room. The sandwiches seemed smaller than the ones in Nice, and it was much colder. Nobody believed any

more in the theatre, and we had half-hearted rehearsals in a large gloomy café near the Gare St. Lazare. One by one the Riviera tramps drifted away, and the pretty girls gravitated towards the Bois. Then, to the amazement of us who remained, Gloria discovered a theatre near the Odeon. It was a small theatre like a charming invalid at death's door. But its heart had not stopped beating. Gloria was radiant, jumping up and down off the stage, trying the curtains, declaiming for acoustics. "Very few of the company remain with us," she said, "so I propose that we perform a piece called *Le Salaud*, by Verneuil. There are only three characters, and I will get it translated into English immediately." The three people cast for the play were a man called Laurence Noland, an ageing lady from Boston who was providing Gloria with cheques, and myself. Laurence Noland was one of those eccentric Englishmen who floated through Europe like a smart balloon waiting to be attached to something. Gloria's forcefulness acted on him like the sun with a dew-drop. He dissolved and became her slave, threw away his bowler hat and umbrella, and thought back hours behind his opening lines. "You have as much sex as an asparagus," Gloria would shout from the auditorium. "I'm terribly sorry," Mr. Noland would answer in cultured tones. "I'll try again."

When the piece came on there was an amazingly fashionable audience whom

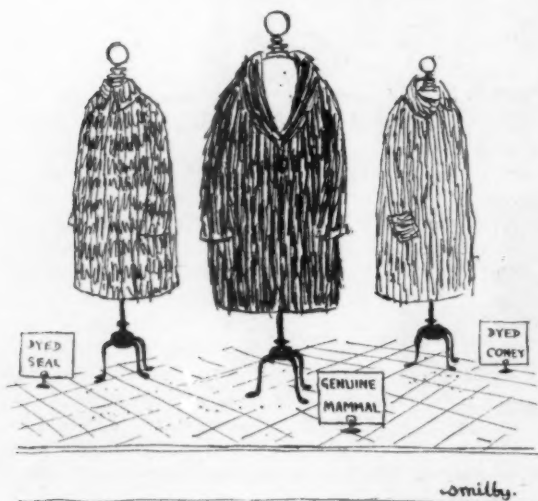
Gloria had netted at cocktail parties and in the smarter bars. "Throw all the sex into it you've got, boys," cried Gloria at the dressing-room door. When the curtain went up Noland and I were both chattering with nerves, and the leading lady looked as old as a Coptic parchment. At the end of the play there was discreet applause, and Gloria made a long speech hypnotizing the audience. The next morning I was

summoned to her hotel. She was glowing like a coal. "Success," she cried. "You'll never look back. Have you ever heard of Marie Janel?" I had. She was one of France's leading actresses. "Marie Janel has consented to appear with you and Laurence at the next performance. She is bilingual, and wants to practise her English." "But what about the old lady?" I asked. "She died last night," said Gloria gaily. "She had a fit in her dressing-room. Now, pay attention. Marie Janel wants you to go and see her at her house this morning for a run-over. Don't forget all I've told you."

I rang the bell at Marie Janel's apartment. A beautiful girl opened the door with a welcoming smile. "Mademoiselle Janel," I cried, "this is such an honour." "I am the maid," replied the beautiful girl modestly, showing me into the drawing-room. When Marie Janel finally entered the room I could feel the invisible wings of success winnowing at my ears, I could sense the rush of high-powered cars, the lure of expensive perfumes, the chic chatter of wonderful restaurants, endless applause and all the fashionable quarters of love.

The same afternoon I called at the theatre to find Gloria. I met Laurence Noland standing in the vestibule unbelievably crying. "I am sorry to behave like this," he said fatuously, taking out a silk handkerchief and blowing his nose, "but the theatre's being dismantled." "Dismantled," I shouted. "Yes. And Gloria is in prison. Something to do with cheques." "Whose cheques?" I cried. "The old lady's," said Noland miserably. "The one who died. She had no money at all." We stood looking at the doomed theatre, listening to the muffled sound of hammers and saws. It was suddenly very cold. "Come and have some lunch," said Noland at last; "but I can only afford sandwiches."

"A pretty black-haired young woman opened the door. It was Miss Scarafia. Her complexion was flawless. She looked as if she had been eating peaches on a sunlit lawn all day."—*Everybody's*
Probably got jaundice.





The Authorship of Barrack Room Ballads

By LORD DUNSANY

IT is too late now to save the memory of Shakespeare from burglarious claims on his work put forward on behalf of so many writers, and now by the ghost of Marlowe. But, in order to prevent that kind of thing from happening again, I am collecting evidence to prove that the works of Rudyard Kipling were not written by Swinburne (supposed to have died in 1909) or by any Lord Chancellor.

Likely arguments that the future may raise in favour of Swinburne's authorship of *Barrack Room Ballads* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* would seem to be these: that Kipling was much too young, when these books first appeared, to have had time for the education necessary for the production of such masterpieces, whereas Swinburne about that time was entering his sixties. That Swinburne did not sign them himself is easily explained by a certain modesty to be found in all the work attributed to Kipling which was quite out of harmony with Swinburne's previous poems, so that he preferred to attribute *Barrack Room Ballads* to a different hand from that earlier one that was more at home with the roses and lilies of something a bit more erotic. And as these books dealt with India, whose sultry climate and mystery had evidently allured Swinburne's imagination, he ascribed their authorship to a young journalist who, as he must have chanced to find out, was at that time resident in India.

Subsequent to the year 1909, when Swinburne is supposed to have died, it would have been easy for almost any

country gentleman to have concealed him in his house, and there have given him the opportunity of continuing the works which he signed with the name of Rudyard Kipling. Arundel Castle or Petworth, both in Sussex, would have been convenient places for such concealment, and are equally probable, though there are several other houses that might have served the purpose; but the indications that the place of concealment was somewhere in Sussex are very strong. And the absence of any typescript proving the contrary in the tombs of the late owners might be taken as support for the Swinburnians in the Swinburne-Kipling controversy.

But, whatever the house in which Swinburne was concealed after 1909, posterity will be sure to point out that there was nothing extraordinary in this concealment, since, before there was any suggestion of his disappearance in 1909, it is clearly recorded that Theodore Watts-Dunton had practically concealed him at Putney for many years, and may have, indeed, continued to do so in that same house after 1909, if he was not concealed in Sussex, whither Swinburne's poetic imagination may have roamed from Putney, as it had previously done to India.

The evidence that I am collecting to refute this theory, whenever it may be put forward, is strong, but I had been wondering how best to present it to posterity. I have now discovered, however, by examining all records of

the present and past which deal with such matters, that the almost invariable method of presenting such proofs is to do so by cryptograms concealed in a verse. My proof therefore that Swinburne did not write Kipling's best known poem, from which it may be presumed that he wrote none of the works of Kipling, is contained in the following sonnet; and all those who have ever proved that the works of Shakespeare were written by the Lord Chancellor of his day will be sufficiently familiar with such proofs to examine the first letter of each line of my sonnet, which I hope will prove to posterity that Swinburne did not write Kipling.

SONG BEFORE TEA-TIME

by

A. S.

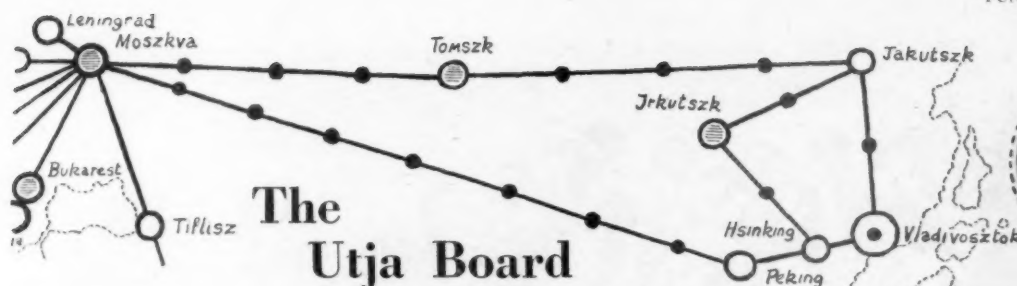
In the dull gray fogs of the old year's ending

(Drip and drizzle till gutters freeze),
In woods forlorn with their branches bending

Down at will of a bitter breeze,
Not a bird of them all is sending
Out his song from the stricken trees
To tell us Spring is on slow feet wending
Whence she loiters by southern seas.

Red on hearths is the oak-log's ember
Inly glowing where ash is gray
To warm our hands that have lost
December,

Even to find a bleaker day,
In the cold of which we can scarce
remember,
Far though Spring, she is on her way.



ENGLISH Round Games too often repel from the start by exhibiting, on the lid of the box, the Family at Play. Father, Mother, the two youngsters, and (if the rules permit) Granny beaming proudly through her glasses at a strikingly handsome Grandpa—all are cherry-cheeked and glossy with health. A lifetime of regular indoor games has kept them loathsomely fit. Not one of them has aged a day since they first dribbled down their straws (young Johnny's complexion, as older readers may recall, a little out-of-register with excitement) thirty or forty years ago on the lid of the Blow-Football outfit. Their faces, as mother laughingly moves her counter three squares forward, are aglow with the joy of living.

One is instantly drawn, therefore, to the Hungarian round game "A Béke Utja," which makes no such overweening claims on its attractive lid. Across a splash of clear blue sky a white dove speeds in the direction indicated by a holdly-drawn fingerpost. "A Béke Utja" says the fingerpost, and beneath it is written, in red, the single word "Társasjáték." The former phrase I translate, with some confidence, "The Way of Peace," because the friend who brought this game out of Hungary and kindly sent it on to me had the forethought to enclose a translation of the rules, and that is how they are headed. At "Társasjáték" one can only guess; on the analogy of English games of a similar type it should mean "The

Sensational New Party Game for from Two to Six Players"—a useful Hungarian word to know. But whatever it means, it looks well and completes a thoroughly delightful cover.

The game itself, alas, is only moderately exciting. The board is a map of the world, with the main cities linked by a number of air routes along which the players move from their respective bases in accordance with the throw of the dice. This laborious process—but let the Rules speak for themselves:

"The peace delegates start from different parts of the world, i.e. from the circles marked in yellow. They are bound to visit all the cities marked by yellow circles, following the set route. In their progress they are helped on by the supporters of peace, whereas the enemies of peace try to hinder them..."

(This begins to look suspiciously like propaganda; but let us press on, pausing only to observe that the "counters" which one moves along are in the form of little plastic doves, neither more nor less likely to fall over than the tin race-horses to which the more belligerent British are accustomed, and that the cities intermediate between the yellow circles are shown as smaller and variously-coloured circles—for a reason about to be made manifest.)

"When the player's dove reaches a red circle, he is entitled to have another throw because in the country concerned peace delegates receive help and support. When he reaches a green circle he will

not take part in the next round of throws since peace delegates are obstructed in the country concerned. The player whose throw takes his dove to the city marked with a large black circle" (anybody care to guess which *that* one is?) "is out of the game for good. Cities in blue circles are neutral."

You begin to get the feel of it?

The "set route" is simply a matter of visiting the yellow-circle cities in a fixed order; you can get from one to the other by following any of the air-links shown. Thus, if Grandpa starts his dove off from Hammerfest he must make for the Magellan Straits, whence Mother has already left for Vladivosztok; but it is up to him to decide whether he will cross from London to Caracas or take the Dakar route. Johnny, based on Vladivosztok, must go to Wellington, N.Z., by way of Johannesburg, and may well run up against Father who, for his first stage, has the long and dismal haul from Wellington to Dawson, Alaska. Dawson to Hammerfest completes the giddy round, and the winner, if anyone cares, is "the player whose dove becomes the first to have visited all cities marked in yellow."

Such is the game of A Béke Utja, now sweeping through Hungarian nurseries like a prairie fire. I have played it, and desire to make these observations:

1. Brisbane and Darwin are blue cities (neutral), whereas Sydney and Melbourne (*sic*) are green and obstruct the progress of peace-loving doves. Brisbane and Darwin, if they do not altogether relish this subtle distinction, may like to talk the matter over with Vancouver and Montreal (also blue).

2. Delegates travelling from Wellington to Dawson should consider the advisability of taking the northerly route through Nanking, Peking, Hsinking, Irkutsk, Jakutsk, Tomszk, Moszkva and Berlin (which will afford them a number of opportunities of a free throw—eight, to be frank), rather than



risk having their feathers ruffled at least six times (in one case fatally) on the southerly route via Cape Town.

3. Belgrade is not shown.

4. Nine routes radiate from Moszkva, leading to such well-known red circles as Riga, Leningrad, Varsó, Prága, Budapest, Bukarest and Szófia. Since most of these cities are linked by lateral or loop lines, and no rule against circling appears to exist, it is possible when in these parts to alight on a red circle whatever number one throws and to go on doing so *ad infinitum*. 'Tis the first dove to arrive in the Moscow area can, if it is so disposed, obstruct the other five doves till the cows come home, by an endless succession of free throws.

5. This unintentional peculiarity (No. 4 above) is the nearest approach to fun in the whole appalling game.

6. Two doves, as they fly on their benevolent missions, may occasionally alight on the same circle—either head-on, or by overtaking. One might suppose that they would hold a helpful conference and gain two turns, or at least lay an egg and fly backwards in ever decreasing circles. It is typical of the brutish stupidity of the inventors of this game that the rules are silent on the point. Nothing that might enliven the proceedings is admitted. No missing papers, no spies, no "Widespread strikes—advance six places"; nothing but a grim insistence on the greenness of London and Paris, Lissabon and Roma, New York and San Francisco.

7. Geneva is not shown.

8. On the Continent of America Guatemala and Georgetown shine out in solitary redness, like good deeds in a naughty world. But isn't that a little out-of-date and over-optimistic?

9. Washington, that fatal "large black circle" whence no dove returns, lies on a route that nobody who wanted to win the game would dream of taking. This is sound propaganda, but robs the game of its one potential thrill. The only way to get to Washington is to go there deliberately, with the sole object of getting out of the game for good. This is not at all a bad object, as anyone who has played the game will agree. But I wouldn't recommend it to Hungarian children—not if Nanny is watching.

10. I just can't wait for the counter-propaganda game that our own Foreign Office must surely be working on.

H. F. ELLIS

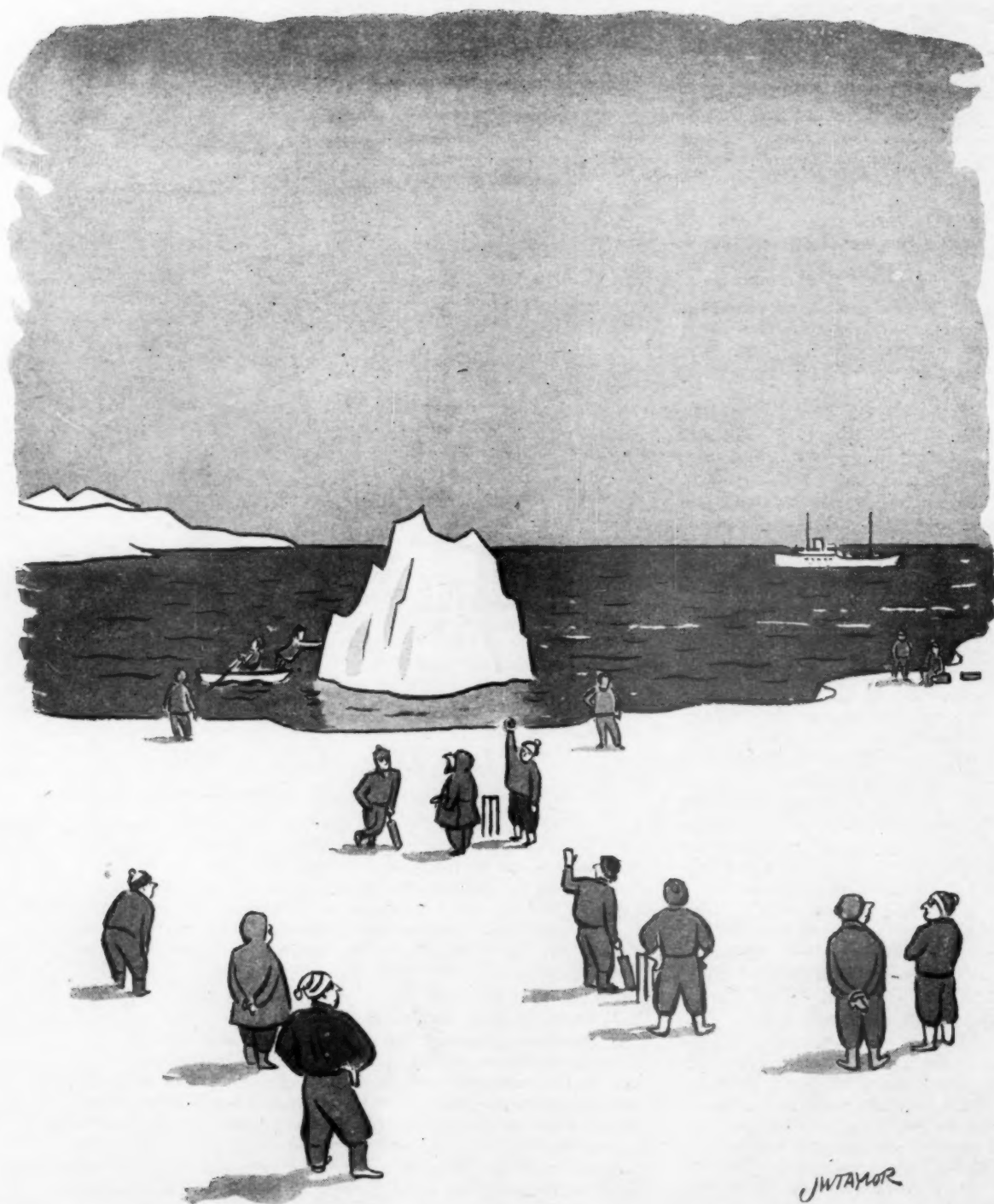


Just Like Mother Makes

"It's all as mother does it"—Officer of West German Army to new recruits

DEAR Mother, you needn't have worried. The food is as good as I have seen. The sauces are simply splendid, and so is the special margarine; And the beds are beautifully springy, and the pillows are of latex foam; And some of the chaps say the sausages are better than they get at home. There's splendid music in the evenings, and they play it exactly as they should—And you know how I love my opera, especially when the band is good. Nothing that you might call drill, but community singing in the lines And rambles in this lovely Rhineland with practices in laying mines. Not much shooting so far, but a decontamination class And lectures on social studies and the uses of bacteria and gas. (Our Occupation Instructor had some fascinating tales to tell About fraternization and the uses of hostile civil personnel.) And the sergeants aren't such terrors as Father used to say they were; And the officers are awfully friendly, and jolly considerate and fair; And the chaps are extraordinarily decent, and most of us are madly keen; And we don't feel a bit like soldiers—more civil, if you see what I mean (Though one of the officers who join us for cakes and coffee and discussions Said war was good fun, actually, unless it was against the Russians). So this letter leaves me, dear Mother, all set for a successful war; And I know I'm going to like the Army, so please don't worry any more.

P. M. HUBBARD





Reviving Trenchermen

SINCE 1946 the people of Britain have more than doubled their expenditure on food, and are now, in a nutritional sense, among the world's best eaters. The craze for slimming inspired by austerity, dress designers, tailors and crackpot medical men has died an unnatural death. Most of us are consuming four squarish meals a day and feeling better for it.

We continue to buy more food in spite of the fact that its price has climbed faster than that of any other item in the domestic budget. Since 1948 goods and services generally have become dearer by 25 per cent, but food prices are up by nearly 50 per cent. Manufactured household articles have risen by 20 per cent, clothing by 19 per cent, tobacco by 6 per cent, and alcoholic drink by 8 per cent. In 1946 we spent £1,816 millions on food: in 1955, about £4,000 millions.

Many people consider that food prices are the most sinister item in the spiral of inflation. The Cheap Food League, for example, maintains that "the whole basis of our inflation is due to outrageously high non-productive Government expenditure and an excessive degree of protection for the 8 per cent of the population engaged in agriculture with the very high level of taxation which these policies necessitate." There is much to be said in support of this view. Food now walks away with a third of the public's purse, and every price increase reflected in the cost-of-living seems to touch off a new round of wage claims. And it is regarded as political madness to do more than tinker with the food and farming subsidies.

There is, however, another side to the argument. Our system of war-time and post-war controls, coupled with the feather-bedding ministrations of the Welfare State, turned the retail price structure upside down. Essentials—food,

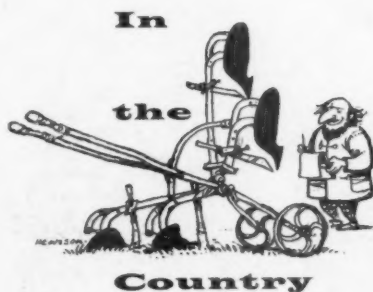
clothing and shelter—were made artificially cheap, and manufactured goods in the luxury and semi-luxury groups were made artificially dear by heavy indirect taxation and material shortages. The result was that the British worker lost his rôle as breadwinner and found inducement to work only in the promise of extra packets of cigarettes, bottles of beer, radio sets and the telly. His essentials were subsidized, his luxuries taxed, and in consequence our economic system was confronted for the first time with the problem of "incentives."

During the last five years the position has gradually been reversed. Industry has got into its stride, the production of household goods has soared and semi-luxuries have become more accessible; and food, as we have seen, has become steadily dearer. I, for one, regard the

change as healthy—restoring the worker to his rightful position as the family's provider of the necessities of life, and putting prices back into some kind of harmony with economic realities. At present the unions show no sign of accepting the new price-list as anything more than an excuse for new wage demands, but the kind of inflation in which we are now embroiled inevitably brings its own day of reckoning.

Meanwhile it is worth noting that ordinary shares in the Food section (*Financial Times*) slumped by seven points during 1955. Brooke Bond, Crosse and Blackwell, Lyons, Tate and Lyle, United Dairies, Allied Bakeries and H.P., all pretty healthy, came to the year's end very quietly, with few buyers, and well below their best.

MAMMON



Stock-taking

EVEN the most casual farmer finds himself doing a little accountancy at the turn of the year. I don't know that my costings are absolutely correct, but even if they err here and there, my main conclusion is still irrefutable.

My aim in doing these sums was to discover which was the most profitable animal to keep on a farm. As a dairy farmer I have always assumed that cows would take that place. They do not. Even with the best strain of dairy animal, giving a yield of 900 gallons over its lactation, it is impossible to show more than £30 profit over the year, and that figure is high, based on a good yield, no accidents and sound management from the cowman. Against that figure one has to consider the value of the cow. The sort of animal I am discussing costs 150 guineas. In other words she takes five years to write off her original cost. It is most unlikely that she will have more than nine economic lactations. It is even possible that she will fall down a well, slip a pelvis, get mastitis or just expire from boredom.

It is difficult to work out the profit to be obtained from keeping pigs because the prices move as much as the animals themselves. But my averages show that a porker produces £3 profit and a baconer about £5. On the other hand a good breeding sow can earn her original cost in two farrowings. Plainly nobody can afford to go pig farming unless they do it on a huge scale. You've got to fatten 80 baconers a year before you pay the wages of the man who feeds the pigs.

Poultry are equally hazardous. Assuming the best of luck and perfect management—both conditions equally unlikely—a hen can show a profit of 12s. a year. Since she costs £1 5s. 0d. to breed and has a profitable life of only two years, my conclusion is that it is cheaper to buy eggs.

It's the old nanny-goat tethered up in the orchard who is really profitable—indeed I doubt if there is any machine quite as productive as a goat. Any of the good breeds such as Saanen, British Alpine, Toggenburg or Nubian can be purchased in kid for about £5. They will yield the best part of a gallon of milk per day. And it is milk which is free from tuberculosis and produced from weeds and ivy which a cow won't touch anyhow. Since milk is worth an average of three shillings a gallon, according to my somewhat obscure reckoning a goat yields her own value every five weeks—besides performing other services such as keeping the lawn down and digesting one's more abusive press-cuttings.

RONALD DUNCAN



CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE

Catching the Post

Letters from Madame de Sévigné.
Selected and translated by Violet Ham-
mersley. With a Preface by W. Somerset
Maugham. *Secker and Warburg*, 30/-

TO attempt to write objectively of Madame de Sévigné (1626-1696) would be, at this stage, absurd. As Mr. Maugham points out here, in his preface, everything that could be said about her was already thought to have been said even a century ago. Sainte-Beuve himself stated that fact. There remains only to give one's own opinion, and, speaking for myself, I am immune to Madame de Sévigné's charm. I can see that she wrote with extraordinary fluency, that she took a cool, somewhat humorous view of the world, and that in an age when there was no limit to what someone in her position might have allowed herself in the way of bad behaviour, she conducted her life with good sense and dignity. The fact remains that I do not like her. Indeed, it comes as no surprise to me that her husband, before his death in a duel in 1651, lived a life of profligacy with Ninon de l'Enclos and not a few others.

In fairness to Madame de Sévigné I must admit to possessing a similar distaste for the letters of her English contemporary, Dorothy Osborne (1627-1695). Here, too, in Miss Osborne, we find the same ghastly literary facility, the same rather professional gaiety, the same correctness of personal behaviour. One feels that if either lady had lived in our own day, each would have written enormously successful middlebrow novels. Yet Dorothy Osborne, from Macaulay onwards, has been ceaselessly lauded to the skies for the charm of her writing. It is very rare to find anyone she irritates.

Neither of these two ladies seems to me to possess the good points of the seventeenth century as exemplified, in one manner, in France, for example, by La Rochefoucauld and Saint-Simon, or, in quite another, in England by Aubrey and Pepys—a general approach which

might perhaps be summarized, though inadequately, by saying that they all appreciate the discovery of the individual. No doubt it would be unfair to Madame de Sévigné and Miss Osborne to say that they have no eyes beyond their own prejudices. This, in itself, would not be a valid objection to



their writing. It would at least be attractively feminine. It is something of the cold fish about both of them that repels. The good humour, the well-bred cynicism, the interest in life, fashionable or local, all comes pouring out like a torrent of claret cup, and all expressed in the best possible manner. Yet at the end of it all one feels depressed. Did either of them really have any grasp of what individual life was about? Perhaps this view is merely the consequence of some innate prejudice in myself against the writings of the opposite sex. I record it only to make my position plain.

Pepys, oddly enough (as I read last week), notes in his diary that he dipped in to *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, in which Madame de Sévigné's witty cousin, Bussy de Rabutin, somewhat improperly lampooned her and other of his friends and relations; but, so far as

I know, there is no evidence that the diarist knew anything of Madame de Sévigné herself. It is interesting to speculate what his entry about her in his journal might have been.

Most of the Sévigné letters were written to her daughter, married to Comte de Grignan, who, as Governor of Provence, had under his charge the Man in the Iron Mask. For this daughter, Madame de Sévigné cherished an uncomfortable, indeed morbid passion, writing to her as she might have written to a husband or lover. The terms in which she addresses Madame de Grignan suggest some deep maladjustment in the mother's nature that can hardly be explained by reference to Monsieur de Sévigné's goings-on. Her son ended in a monastery after a rakish life (with the episodes of which he used to regale his mother), but a career apparently without much enjoyment owing to a chilliness of temperament inherited from her.

The Letters, in their fullest extent, are "voluminous." They have gone through various vicissitudes both in France and England. Mrs. Hammersley's translation is admirably readable, conveying a sense of the historical period, while at the same time avoiding any suggestion of conscious archaism. The selection is also a wise one, taking the reader neatly over the jumps in something under four hundred pages. I hope no one will be put off by my own feelings about Madame de Sévigné, for here is an excellent edition in which to approach her in English.

ANTHONY POWELL

Whimsy for Export

The Blow at the Heart. Bernard Glemser. *Macdonald*, 12/6

Gilhooley, Brooklyn-born, Jesuit-educated successful commercial artist, is the sort of Irish-American whose Irishry consists in drinking ceaseless slugs of whisky and indulging in Celtic twilight badinage with his precocious 11-year-old Deirdreish daughter and his devoted "bosomy" ex-model wife. His are the

export qualities of whimsical sentimentality and corroding self-pity. An indefatigable dreamer, he feels that he is perverting his talents in the interests of comfortable domesticity and Bugle Soap: an interior conflict finally resolved through forced participation in the troubles (sexual, theological and otherwise) afflicting his neighbours in a Long Island luxury apartment house.

Mr. Glemser, equally familiar with the British and American scenes, has an ear for conversational banalities comparable to Mr. Patrick Hamilton's; yet he sometimes confuses sentiment with sympathy in portraying his protagonists, and his talent lies possibly in the sphere of the suspense-thriller (of which *The Dove on His Shoulder* was a notable example) rather than that of social satire and the "straight" novel. J. M.-R.

Great Horses of the Year. Baron and Clive Graham. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 21/-

This second collaboration between Baron and Clive Graham has produced a rich account of the past racing season. Though the journalist gives much detailed information of interest to present and future horse-lovers, it is by Baron's imaginative use of the camera that the racing scene is brought to life. Concentrating on the head, both equine and human, the photographer has drawn some remarkable character studies that enable one to compare, for instance, the serene nobility of Meld with the frenzied optimism of Prince Monolulu. He catches perfectly both the determined Gallic look on Poincelot's face as he is delivering his challenge on Vimy at Ascot and Pat Taaffe's happy, Irish grin after he had triumphed in the National on Quare Times.

The steeplechasing section contains many excellent photographs of "Hallowe'en" and the two Cheltenham heroes, over-handsome "Clair Soleil" and ugly duckling "Gay Donald." The final photograph is of Baron's own racehorse, "Marly Knowe," being held by his stable girl Anne, and this is by no means the least agreeable picture in the book. G. T.

Georgian Cabinet-Makers: New and Revised Edition. Ralph Edwards and Margaret Jourdain. *Country Life*, £3 3s.

Not so long ago Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite were popularly credited with the superhuman feat of making every surviving piece of English eighteenth-century furniture. To-day quite a lot of people are dimly aware that the last person likely to have made a fine "Chippendale" chair is the great man himself. This revolution is largely due to the learned authors of *Georgian Cabinet-Makers*. When their researches were first published they revealed, with a wealth of detail, the careers and achievements of some sixty distinguished craftsmen. Established reputations were severely shaken, for certain of these

hitherto unknown figures were clearly the equals of Chippendale himself.

Now Mr. Edwards, revising the book for the second time in a decade, has increased his tally of master-craftsmen to nearly a hundred. In its amplified form, beautifully produced and furnished with two hundred and fifty illustrations, it is an ideal companion for anyone thinking of visiting the exhibition of "Eighteenth Century Taste" organized by Mr. Edwards (and others) at the Royal Academy.

F. W.

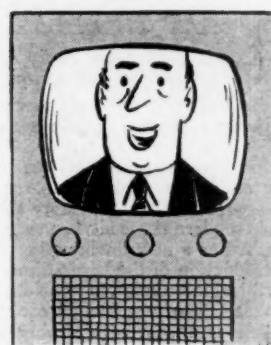
The Rainbearers. Nicholas Mosley. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 15/-

The principal characters in this painstaking study of personal relationships are feckless, introverted and morally sterile: all possessed either of private means or enabled by their occupations to alternate comfortably between London, Paris and the South of France. Richard deserts his straight-haired art-student wife, Elizabeth, for Mary, a girl with a tragic past and a natural talent for stimulating the senses; then, oppressed by some obscure spiritual *malaise*, abandons her in turn to try his luck with Penelope, who, although an accomplished *allumeeuse*, is also a Catholic and therefore rejects his advances. We are left with the suggestion that Richard too may find consolation in the Church.

While over-influenced by the rhetorical style of the later William Faulkner, Mr. Mosley writes with eloquence and power; but he strives too hard to convey by symbolism the carnal sensations of his lovers: the long sexual passages read at times like the transcript of some erotic dream, and the novel as a whole could have been cut advantageously to half its length. J. M.-R.

Winter in the Air. Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Chatto and Windus*, 13/6

"Autumn is an apple, it is a keeping fruit," observes someone in these stories, and the thought seems to fit the whole book. It is a keeping book, to be savoured at leisure, for only a reviewer would attempt eighteen stories and sketches at a sitting. Thirteen have



"As you know, the B.B.C. doesn't usually mention commercial products by name. We should, however, like to say that in our opinion the Daily Express has been in terrific form lately—wonderful entertainment, superb presentation, pertinent comment . . ."

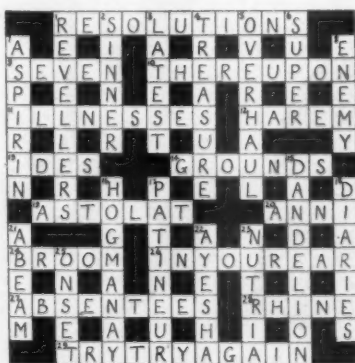
appeared in *The New Yorker*, where it must have been pleasant to meet them singly, each provocatively elusive, commendably restrained, stubbornly English.

Miss Townsend Warner's range is very wide, her touch very sure. An eloping girl leaves home to meet her lover in a café. She buys a coffee, talks to a cat and waits. That is all. But it is a moving human experience, complete, rounded and satisfying. Often one has to read again, as in the story of the Scottish funeral, partly for joy and partly to make sure that one has rightly grasped the impudent *dénouement*. Winter is never far behind the prevailing autumnal pathos, and the title is an honourable choice. R. G.

Men of Letters. Noel Blakiston. *Chapman and Hall*, 9/6

These short stories introduce, supposedly, the world of the "writer of fiction," of the art gallery director, the broadcasting critic, the master of a college, and then confront them with suicide, sudden death, broken hearts and such contingencies. But the Men of Letters (characters one would have expected to be robust and pontifical, or knowledgeable and seedy) are somehow quite colourless and inadequate for these crises, while the lesser personages are content to murmur "My hat!" and "Good Lord!" as the dire events unfurl.

Could one really so stagger an editor of *The Times* with the news that his prep school Latin master had died? Here is Mr. Blakiston's weakness; probability is at the mercy of the point of his story, and he is a merciless raconteur. Luckily, he is not a turgid one—he is saved by a deft ironical detachment, and his tales make a lightly enjoyable book for anyone unacquainted with literary life in the raw. P. A. D.



Solution to New Year Crossword

AT THE PLAY



The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots (FORTUNE)

IN the long ago we took pantomime seriously. This is from a review in the 1860s:

"It is the principle of the genial author always to point his tale with a moral set forth in that prefatory allegory which in modern times has been regularly established as a new introduction to the old introduction of the Pantomime. But what ethical instruction is to be obtained from that tale of the booted cat whom Englishmen associate with Mother Goose and Frenchmen with Charles Perrault, beyond the belief that fraud is much to be commended and very likely to be successful if cleverly practised?"

I should have thought all children's fables are based on fraud, with the tacit proviso that it becomes an act of piety when directed at very wicked people, just as a policewoman dressing up as Diana Dors to undo a night-club is supposed to be on the side of the angels. But one wonders what Victorian critics, ethical truffle-hunters to a man, would have made of our pantomime, mauled (before in desperation it took to skates) by the big battalions of the entertainment industry, who have thought fit to cut out the harlequinade, hack the story to pieces to leave room for music-hall, and lace the resulting pulp with blue jokes in order to keep the blue sort of father in his seat—though on the last charge

the fridge pantos, to their credit, are not guilty.

Even those of us who are happily proof against a message still like to be told an uninterrupted story, and that is where NICHOLAS STUART GRAY comes in. Almost alone in a theatre which has forgotten how children warm to magic and adventure given them in straight doses, without extravagant din and spectacle, he continues to write Christmas plays that pay his audience the high compliment of assuming that something original will be more to their taste than sugared vulgarity. His *Beauty and the Beast* of six years ago was a minor classic, witty and dry and charming; and if by that standard *The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots* is less satisfactory, it is still a much better piece of true storytelling than anything which has been through the mincing machine of modern pantomime.

It has weaknesses. The dialogue is not so sharp as we know Mr. GRAY's can be, and he is inclined to lean on it too heavily where a song or a little more of his admirable magic would keep us on our toes. Some of his characters could afford to be funnier. RICHARD GALE, for instance, who takes the miller's son, should surely be a comic oaf, and not just a thoroughly nice young man in no particular need of such a wonder-working A.D.C. JOY PARKER, looking lovely as the Princess, has to be sad, but somehow she is so solemnly sad that the whole court seems to catch the infection.

As producer Mr. GRAY must share the blame. He can be forgiven a lot, however, for the cat, which he plays himself after, we gather, long study of feline behaviour. This is an astonishing creature, perfect in the tricks of movement and with all the intellectual superiority that so rightly maddens dogs.

And two other important characters are a delight whenever they are on the stage, PATRICK TROUGHTON's potion-mixing cobbler, a gentle, myopic blunderer staying himself from an unemptiable tankard (search me, how this is done), and ALAN JUDD's ogre, whose taste in human hors d'œuvres is forgotten in his appealing lack of confidence.

Part of one's pleasure in this unashamedly simple play comes from JOAN JEFFERSON FARJEON's dresses and REGINALD WOOLLEY's sets, both of which match its taste and spirit.

Recommended

That we cross our fingers for the London theatre's rapid convalescence from an abysmal year, and for the discovery in the near future of a few straight plays that have not been ripped untimely from their roots in Paris, New York, Bogota and other remote places.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET



Sadler's Wells Ballet
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to London after another triumphal tour of the North American continent was something more than a social occasion for the audience which filled every seat and standing space in the Royal Opera House. Among the more knowledgeable ballet-lovers there was manifest curiosity about changes and promotions, and about those incalculable innovations and variations which keep life sparkling in an art so essentially traditional as ballet.

They got their first answer when Mr. GEORGE WELDON, newly-appointed Principal Conductor of the company, opened the evening with the Chopin music of *Les Sylphides*. Was it not being played more slowly than usual? The curtain had not long been up before one realized that the newly-wielded baton was reducing the pace to a point at which one felt vicarious discomfort for the dancers. None the less, BERYL GREY imparted dazzling grace to the Mazurka; SVETLANA BERIOVA's poetic calm and ethereal beauty were tenderly communicated in the Prelude, and ROSEMARY LINDSAY, though specially handicapped by the sluggish tempo, gave a spirited account of the Valse.

The climax of the evening came midway with *Daphis and Chloe*, a work, conducted by ROBERT IRVING, in which ASHTON, inspired by MAURICE RAVEL's



The Princess Isobel—JOY PARKER

[*The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots*
Puss—NICHOLAS STUART GRAY

exciting music, is at his choreographic best. To say that MARGOT FONTEYN repeated her evocation of the Sicilian shepherdess, beloved of Daphnis and coveted by Dorkon, would imply that she had no further subtleties of characterization to disclose. On the contrary Chloe is now a rôle in which Dame MARGOT's art is to be seen at its most exquisite.

MICHAEL SOMES, as Daphnis, is everything a romantic partner should be, and PHILIP CHATFIELD, who also danced in the two other ballets of the programme, showed, as Dorkon, impressive development. As a newcomer to the part of Lykanion, the glamorous girl of the town, ANNE HEATON was vividly in the picture.

Homage to the Queen, the ASHTON ballet to MALCOLM ARNOLD's music first performed on Coronation Day, 1953, is so pointedly a *pièce d'occasion* that it seemed queerly out of place as an anticlimax. Its *ad hoc* splendours still glitter, though a shade dimmed. The principal pleasure—Mr. WELDON again conducting—was to see the four queens of the elements danced with the proper theatrical aplomb by ANYA LINDEN, SVETLANA BERIOSOVA, ROWENA JACKSON and PAULINE CLAYDEN. There is plenty of on-coming talent in the company.

C.B. MORTLOCK



AT THE GALLERY

Van Gogh

CITY ART GALLERY, MANCHESTER, until February 4.

THE LAING ART GALLERY, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—February 11 to March 24.

THE Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle Exhibition of Van Gogh, consisting of some eighty paintings and nearly sixty drawings, mainly from the collection of Ir. V. W. Van Gogh, covers the artist's two main periods—summarized here as early dark and late coloured. The pictures of some painters, however good, cloy when seen in profusion and achieve an *embarras de richesse*—large one-man shows by Monet, Manet, and Degas have to my knowledge produced such an effect. Not so the works of Van Gogh. The reason lies in the extraordinarily varied colour schemes which he employed in different paintings, often thereby making them perfect foils for each other; a possible example being a mauve and pink scene of ploughland and sky between two lemon and ochre sunflower pieces. From his letters we know that Van Gogh envisaged schemes of paintings chosen or executed for specific rooms and spaces. With Gauguin and Lautrec he restored impact and clear-cut design to the art of painting, then becoming lost in the mists of impressionism. The mantle fell on the fortunate shoulders of Matisse and Dufy.

As a beginner Van Gogh had rapidly acquired a rich painter-like touch, and had executed some admirable works in

chiaroscuro. (His well-known Potato-eaters is in this exhibition.) Later, from contact in Paris with the impressionists and subsequently in Provence, he developed into a highly original colourist. The difficult and eventually tragic circumstances of his life which finally destroyed him are often too much stressed, and distract one from a just appreciation of him as an artist. Considering the short space of his painting life—about ten years—he produced an astonishing number of beautifully executed and well-drawn canvases in which the prevailing mood is one of joy. No painter has been more copiously reproduced than Van Gogh, but reproductions are no substitute for an exhibition of this calibre, which has already drawn thousands of spectators in Liverpool, and should continue to do so throughout its Northern tour.

ADRIAN DAINTRY



AT THE PICTURES

Heidi and Peter

THIS week it's difficult. You don't want to read another list of Films of the Year, and even if you do I don't want to write one; but only one new film has been press-shown, and that, though it may give simple pleasure to the very young and unthinking, I don't want to recommend. In no other circumstances would I begin an article with *Heidi and Peter* (Director: FRANZ SCHNYDER), which is a Swiss film dubbed in American and obviously aimed at the children's holiday trade. It is a simple little story based, the credits say, on JOHANNA SPYRI's novel *Heidi Makes Use of What She Has Learned*: quite a change for the London Pavilion, which—it is hardly unfair to say—has been living for some little time on the "X" certificate.

My main objection is that this is dubbed, for the picture is often most beautiful visually, with Eastman Colour views of the mountainous Swiss landscape, and in the original version, with titles, it would almost certainly make a satisfactory impression. But continuous dubbing, particularly for some reason with children's voices (and a great deal of the dialogue here is children's talk), is something that can spoil any film. I have seen acid and bitter comment from writers who seem to think that objections to dubbing come only from nasty expensively-educated people who know the language and want to do the plain

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

We record with regret the death of Duncan Campbell, who contributed frequently to *Punch* until 1946, latterly over the signature "D." He will best be remembered for his stories about a little Scots boy, Podgy McSump.



Principle of Dubbing

man in the street out of a pleasure he might otherwise get; but the fact is that nearly anyone who can read would prefer to see a film in its original form with titles, the players speaking in their own voices. If people can't read the titles quickly enough, then it's time they could; it's up to them.

I don't want to belittle the very great technical skill that is expended on fitting English (or, in this instance, American) voices and words to the lip-movements of German-speaking actors and actresses. The result is sometimes unbelievably exact, almost miraculous; but it just doesn't seem to me worth achieving.

However, as I say, this version is plainly for children more than anybody else, and children may get quite a bit of pleasure and amusement out of the story of the little Swiss girl Heidi, her friend Peter, and her invalid friend Clara who comes to stay with her in her mountain village and is cured by getting free of the suffocating influences of home. The grown-ups who go with the children can take pleasure in the visuals, which are often very fine, and marvel at the technical ingenuity.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Some good new ones begin in London just too late for this article: *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*, misleading title for a well-done account of the celebrated Harry K. Thaw—Evelyn Nesbit—Stanford White murder case of 1906; the French comedy *Les Fruits de l'Été*; and *The Treasure of Pancho Villa*, gripping and visually good suspense-and-shooting piece about Mexican guerrillas in 1915. The very diversely enjoyable trio *Richard III* (28/12/55), *Les Diaboliques* (14/12/55) and *The Tender Trap* (4/1/56) are still available.

Best news of releases is that *French Cancan* (7/9/55) is among them. Not everybody thought as well of *The Big Knife* (28/12/55) as I did. *Storm Over the Nile* (23/11/55) is a new version of *The Four Feathers*, much helped by CinemaScope. RICHARD MALLET



ON THE AIR

Storm in the Channels

IF the Tamrating Reports are anything to go by—and they certainly look scientific and statistical enough—everyone connected with Channel 9 must be feeling on top of the world. In three months the I.T.A. has scooped the TV pools. Its audience during peak-hour viewing is now double that of the B.B.C. television service and grows apace. According to a recent survey some 75 per cent of viewers in the London area (viewers with sets capable of receiving both channels) watched *A Tale of Five Cities* (Associated-Rediffusion) while 10 per cent were remaining faithful to the B.B.C.'s "Panorama" and "Television Dancing Club." More than 60 per cent wallowed in I.T.A.'s "By Request," *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and "Cavalcade of Sport" while less than 25 per cent—equally unfortunate—gaped at the B.B.C.'s "It's Easy When You Know How," "Great Scott It's Maynard," "The Modern Universe" and a breakdown signal. The I.T.A. "Double Your Money" programme beat "The Grove Family," "Inner Sanctum" wiped the floor with "More Contrary," "Take Your Pick" made mincemeat of "Ask Pickles," and Godfrey Winn earned four times more tears than Shakespeare and *Othello*.

Confronted by such startling returns the critics' first reaction is to quote the old tag about lies, dam' lies and statistics. How many sets are gadgeted to measure the reception of the rival channels? How many sets are left running without viewers? Is T.A.M.'s cross-section of the viewing public accurate? The Tamrating is based on the assumption that each TV



set is faced by 3·5 viewers, and when 3·5 people have to reconcile their desires the chances are that the *new* channel, the novelty, will win the day. Father has just paid for a new aerial and wants money's worth, mother wants to see the ads., Johnny wants to know what the *Daily Express* is campaigning against, and point-five of Jennifer is mad keen on anything that comes from America.

My own view is that Associated-Rediffusion has been unwise to rush into print with these sensational figures. They mean very little, they will not deceive the advertisers, they may promote a fatal complacency, and they are certain to be followed by figures indicative of a victory far less sweeping.

I do not doubt that the I.T.A. will eventually win more viewers than the B.B.C. Intelligent viewing—like intelligent listening and reading—is at a disadvantage in the average home, where the living-room, with its bright fire, is also the study, music room, reading room,

workroom and TV theatre, and where entertainment must be selected according to the lowest common denominator of the inhabitants. The number of people who can afford private *lebensraum* and amenities and can always enjoy programmes of their own choosing is still very small, and the ubiquitous moronism suggested by the various public behaviour polls (Listener Research, Tamratings and so on) is somewhat misleading.

Commercial television has so far contributed very little to the development of the new medium. It has, however, managed to find a large number of reasonably fluent and cheerfully confident speakers, announcers and compères.

Channel 9 handles the spoken word much more easily, perhaps more glibly, than Channel 1. Far too often on the latter we meet people struggling to arrange their thoughts and find words to express them. They are nervous, hesitant, awkward, scared, and their floundering, shifty-eyed unhappiness communicates itself to the viewer. To a large extent this is attributable to the fact that the B.B.C. tries to say more than the I.T.A. and employs professional thinkers and writers to say it, men accustomed to think at the point of a pen.

The I.T.A. spokesman on the other hand comes clean. He is brimful of confidence, easy on the ear, business-like and friendly. He is a showman. He deals in well-rehearsed opinions rather than thoughts, and having a limited vocabulary he is never in doubt about which word to use.

Somehow the B.B.C. must find a way of improving its diction—but without any sacrifice of integrity, breadth of vision or cerebration. How?

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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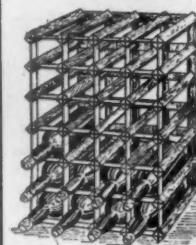
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